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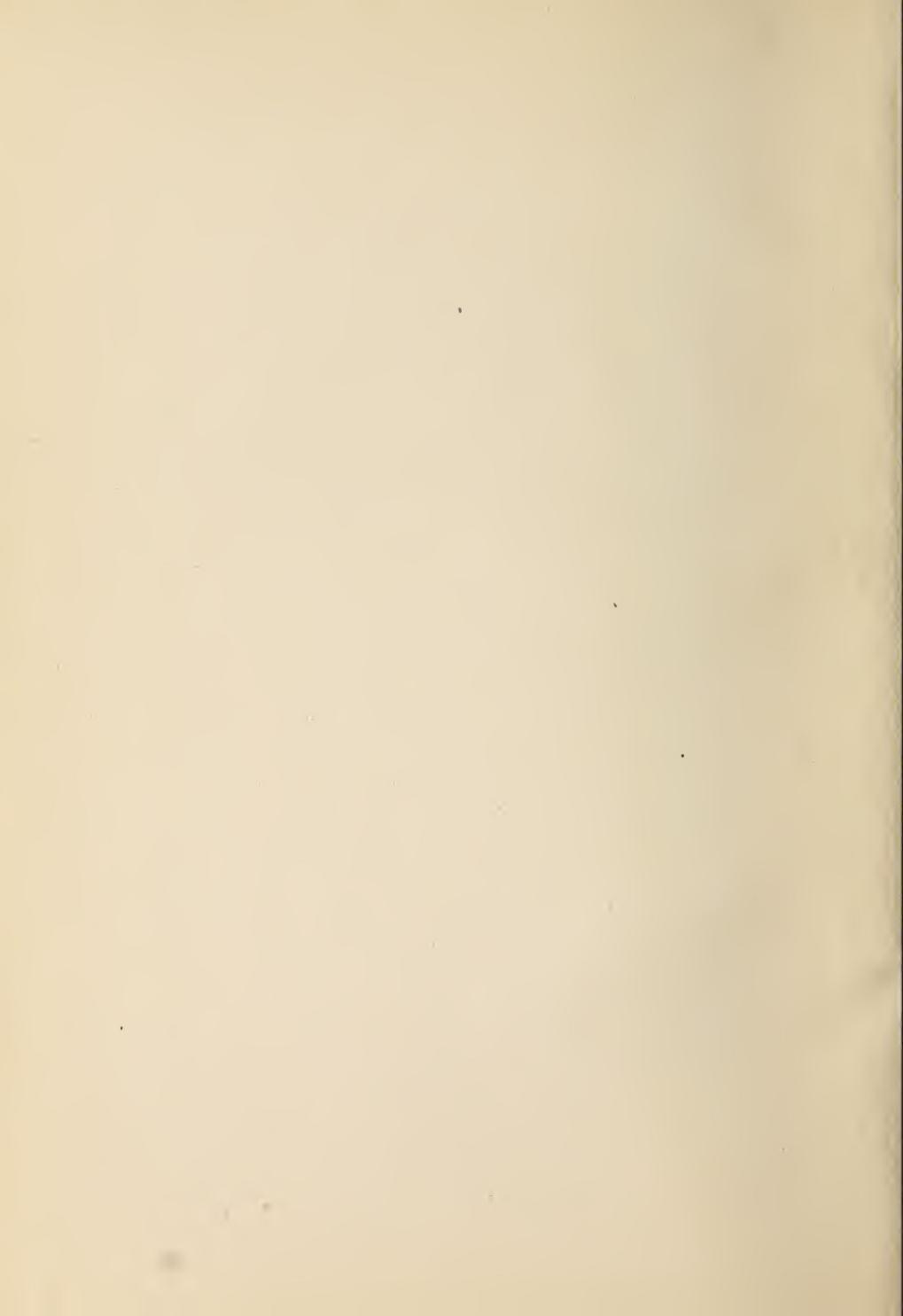


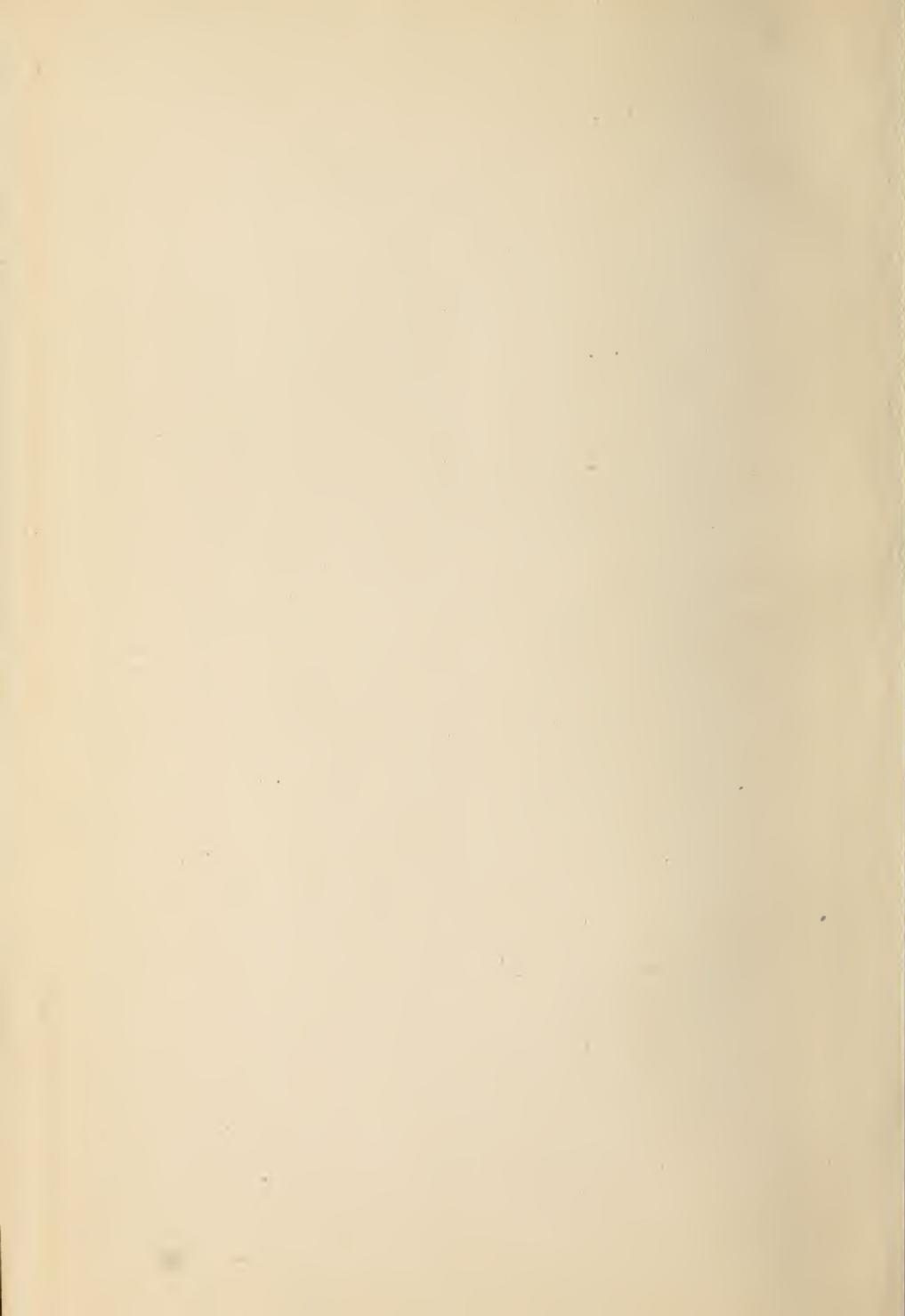
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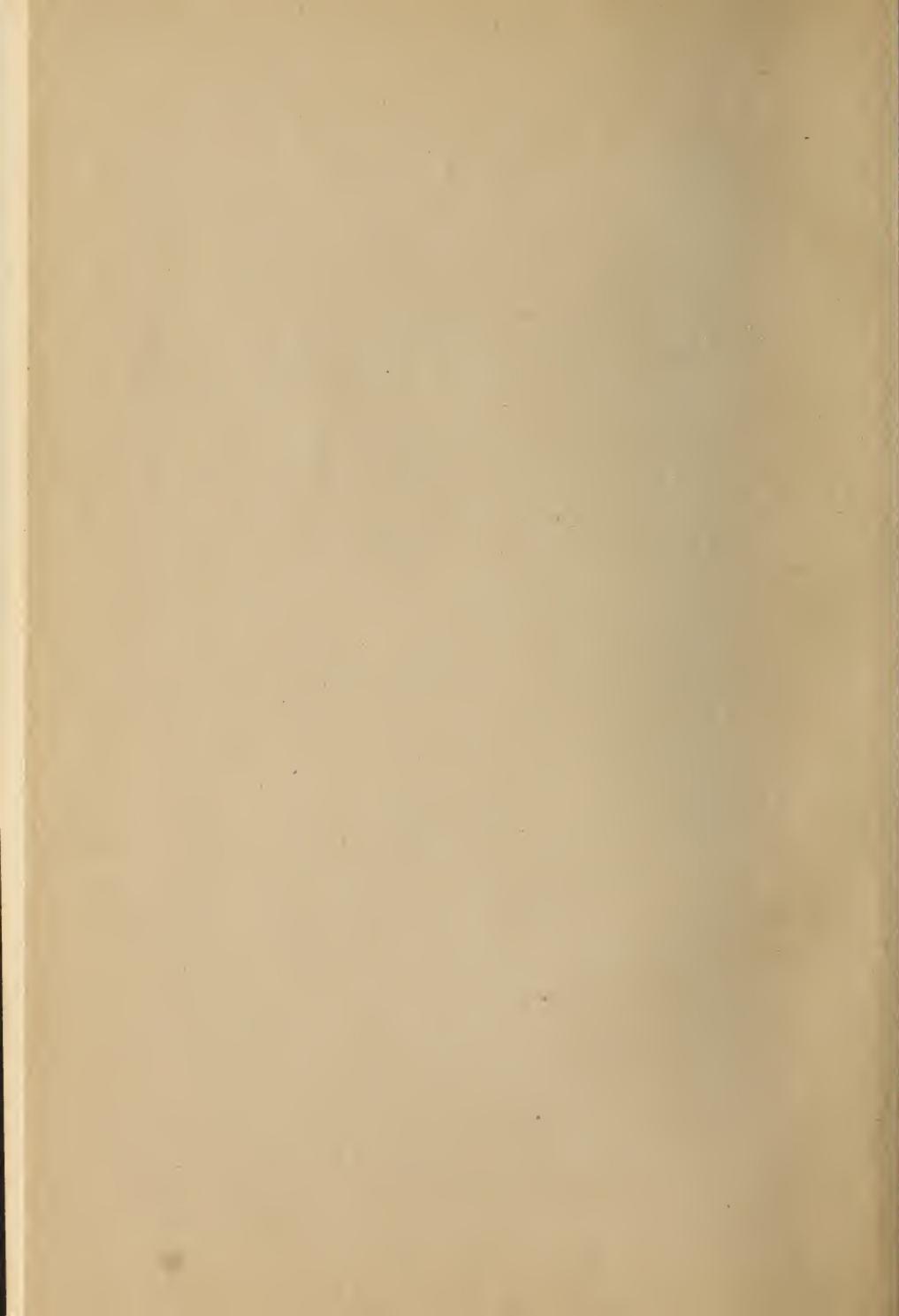
HER DAY
of
VISITATION



Written by
EMMA B. GUNNETT

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1920



HER DAY *of* VISITATION

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*A life renewed, transformed, inspired—God
gave me these, they were not acquired*

My message is no standard phrase,
I simply trust and shout His praise

Written by

EMMA B. GUNNETT

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A. H. GUNNETT

1920

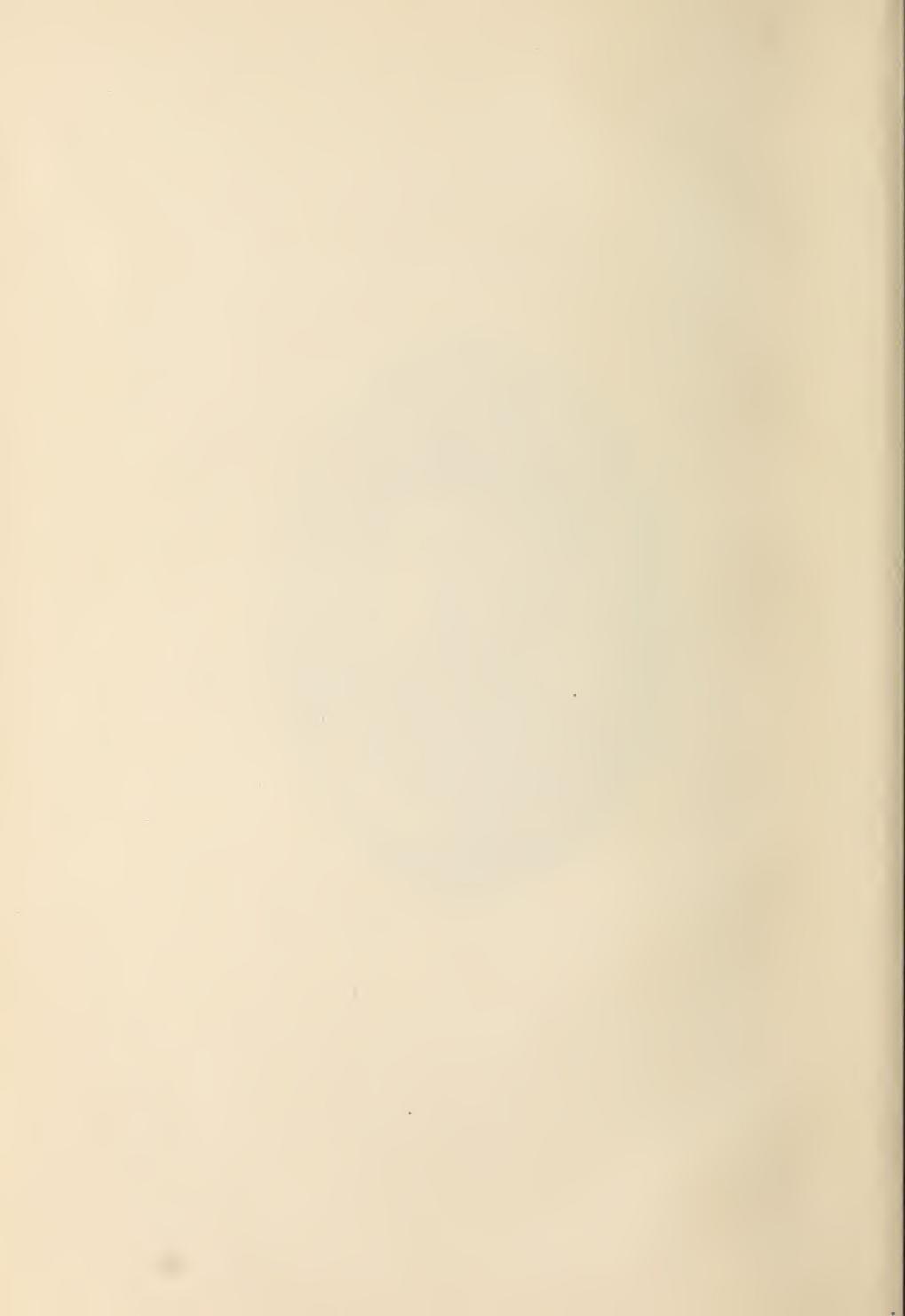
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Jan 8, 20



Mrs. E. B. GUNNETT



FOREWORD

THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE

I was born in a Christian home. My parents and grandparents were devout Methodists. I was taught to pray as soon as I could speak, and taken to the House of God before I could walk. Family worship was sacredly observed. Prayer and class-meeting and the old-fashioned love-feast were faithfully attended, and the Friday before each quarterly meeting was observed as a day of prayer and fasting.

When ten years of age, I was admitted to membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church and have retained this membership till the present time. On the 9th day of October, 1883, I became the wife of a Methodist preacher, who at that time was a member of the Illinois Annual Conference. For many years I have been engaged in the labors and enjoyed the privilege of a pastor's wife. During those years God blest our efforts, and many were converted and gathered into the church.

Often God visited us with seasons of power and our hearts overflowed with joy, so that I was most highly favored with Christian influences and associations; but notwithstanding all this, I was led to see and feel that there were heights and depths in the Christian life to which I had not yet attained. By a more careful study of the scriptures, I was led to believe that it was the privilege of every Christian to have Christ as an abiding guest, and to be filled with the Holy Spirit. This grew into a deep conviction until I became lonesome for His presence and hungry for His love.

After a long and severe struggle I reached the point where the longings of my soul were satisfied and Jesus was glorified in me. I want to give, as nearly as I can recall them, the steps leading up to this divine fullness.

While I felt that I was a Christian, still I realized the lack of something. My way was often dark. My prayers would not ascend. I had no freedom. My soul seemed to be fettered. In reading my bible my mind would wander. The evil one would inject worldly thoughts into my mind until at times I almost despaired, feeling that God had withdrawn His spirit from me.

For about two years oh, how I struggled and prayed the Lord

for a pure heart where He might dwell. I sought but found not. My pleadings seemed denied. Neither prayers, songs or tears availed. I would see other faces light up with testimony and song and who, in their prayers, seemed really to talk to God. Then I would say, "That is what I want." The burden of my prayer was, to be set free,—to be made an empty vessel for Him to fill and use; to be stripped of everything of self. My agonized petition seemed to be voiced in this verse:

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt
All shall be well for me.
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust to Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on
And sing in life or death
My Lord, 'Thy will be done'."

This became to me more than the mere utterance of words. Then the Lord seemed to say, "Do you mean that?" "Are you willing to give up your will?" "Are you ready to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done'?" This was the crucial point and my heart responded. "Yes, Lord. I don't want my will in any particular. I have had it all these years and it has been a barrier to the peace for which my soul longs. I want to get away from it as far as possible." At this point He revealed Himself and there came a sense of peace and gladness. I felt the Holy Spirit hovering over me, and with this an indescribable rest of soul. I then knew the meaning of John 14:20, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father and ye in me and I in you." Jesus gave me a pure heart and baptized me with the Holy Spirit.

Oh, it was blessed to be alone with the Lord. In this restful silence I would lift up my heart and voice, saying, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," and He began to give me messages of comfort to dear ones who were passing through sore trials; and when I was writing these it seemed that "Heaven had come down my soul to greet". I had reached the climax of human experience,—out of self into Christ. Christ had made me an empty vessel, meet for His use.

Following this came spiritual manifestations, or rather revelations to my soul. Now I am afraid I cannot make myself understood. There are some experiences which can never be told. They are so sacred that one hesitates to speak of them. Yet in these moments I seem most truly to live. This, that I am about to relate, was a dream. I dreamed that I stood before a counter and asked, "What is the price of heavenly commodities?" For answer the

"Rock of Ages" rose up to my view with mis message, "Without money and without price." "Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling." With this I awoke and a spiritual vision of our living Savior was unveiled before me twice. Oh, my rapture was unwordable. I seemed to be living in the glory of the Lord. Other revelations followed and this message was flashed before my vision: "Heed the day of your visitation." I understood this to be God's command to me to write these messages which He was giving to me and I am now trying to give to the world what has been spoken of me in the silence of my own room.

Being but a poor sleeper, I would lie awake for hours at a time, my mind filled with worry and dreary forebodings; but now, the hours are filled with blessed communion with my Lord, and not only in the night-time, but during the day, when all other voices are stilled within me, the Spirit brings to my remembrance some song or text of scripture which will start a train of thought that leads to my getting busy for some one. The empty vessel again, see? O praise the Lord that He is able to use me. Being a "shut-in" so much of the time the hours were often lonely when I could do nothing but lie and think. Yes, it was more than loneliness. At times it was unbearable. But now, I am glad to be all alone and when I turn the key in my door it is to sit at the feet of Jesus and try to learn the lessons of life. Oh, how blessed is this divine stillness.

Well, I was dwelling on the mountain top all these weeks when all of a sudden the thought came to me, "Why, I have outstripped Satan." He has not come near me for some time, whereas before he sat at my side like a dog at a table. This was a new cause for rejoicing. A voice just here whispered, "Where is yourself?" I waited an instant, when my inner spirit caught the meaning of Romans 6:2 and then I shouted, "Dear, dead! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

This blessed life dawned upon me the 28th day of December, 1906, and up till January 15, 1907, I had not given a public testimony of this great change which had been divinely wrought in me. While engaged in sweet communion the Holy Spirit whispered, "You ought to testify to this to-night in the prayer meeting." I did not answer immediately. I remembered how difficult this had always been for me and I answered, "Well, Lord, I will if you want me to and will tell me again at the meeting." You may be sure that He did. Oh, how my heart beat. I stumbled all over my testimony and when I came to my room the tempter said, "The people will think you are going crazy, I think some were sorry for you." But instead of worrying over a blunder as I should have done before, I just said, "That is all right, the Holy Spirit told me to give it and I will leave that with Him."

The following night was another Pisgah for me. I was awak-

ened out of sound sleep by noise in the next room. I soon saw there would be no more sleep for me. But instead of dragging wearily through the night as heretofore, my soul began to respond to messages from heavén as an Eolian harp responds to the breeze. As I lay there I seemed to see my relation to God typified by that of a child in its mother's arms. As it responds to her love, oh how she beams upon it. Thus it was with me. My heart seemed to be permeated with the love of God, and as I absorbed His love, my whole being lighted up until I wanted to break through this casket of clay and go to him. I really seemed to feel my body holding me back. A voice whispered, "Would you know Him by the print of the nails in His hands?" I immediately cried out, "Oh, no, no, no! but by the love, by the love!" Just then an impenetrably black wall rose up before me. I asked, "What is that? There is no condemnation." When—oh, how can I express it!—silence itself seemed an intrusion. A spiritual manifestation of the transfigured Christ rose back of this wall, illuminating the outer edge and the other side. Awed, I asked, "Is this the grave?" There the vision vanished.

In relating this to my pastor he asked if I knew what this black wall meant. I replied, "No. If it is the grave, I know what is on the other side."

I have since learned that it was Self with all its accompanying doubts, fears, worries, etc., etc. God showed me that any suggestion of doubt dwelt upon or cultivated for a moment would blot out all my beautiful new life and that it would take as much effort to be restored as it did to bring me to my present state of happiness.

CHAPTER I

THE CHANGED LIFE

While dwelling in the "upper room" of fellowship and light, today I rose to get something from my dresser. Seeing my reflection in the mirror, I said to myself, "Is it you who is so filled?" I studied myself a while, when a voice whispered, "You cannot see the soul which dwells in human clay." Then came to me these lines of this song:

"This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize.

I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him."

I believe these songs are brought to my remembrance at these times of communion for the purpose of giving expression to the language of my soul. (As yet God had given me no verses of my own.)

In my meditation this morning, this came to me:
"Take time to be holy."

God calls us often and long, sometimes by joy and sometimes it is necessary to call us through chastisement before we will yield all to Him. I believe this is His purpose in my invalidism. He is thus stilling all other voices so that I can hear His messages.

I think I have been too eager for worldly possessions, and the Lord had to put me on a bed of illness, and has kept me an invalid these many years until I became so dissatisfied with myself, and saw that I was ready to give up all. He made me so hungry and lonesome for His presence and love, but praise God I am now feeding on daily manna. Glory!

Jan. 22. Just returned from calling on my pastor, Dr. McIntyre. When I told him something of my experience, he said, "You are being led by the Holy Spirit and the end is not yet. Do just what He tells you to do. It is a marvelous experience and one which is seldom attained in this life."

O my Father, I thank Thee for sending me there—Thou art leading me. As I meditate on the way I have been led, I marvel that I ever sought for anything else. If He is whispering deep down in any heart when these lines are read, oh! heed the call and yield all to Him. He will not intrude or force Himself upon us. He lets us have our own way if we choose. What a risk we run in rejecting His invitation! We have no lease on life—it may be snuffed out any

moment. How very near the border land I have been three times in the past three years, but God in His mercy spared me for this time. God help me to redeem my time, and from now on "Lay up treasures in heaven instead of trying to lay them up on earth."

While living in the holy quietness this afternoon, I had a desire to write a letter to a dear one, but my body was very weary. I waited to know God's will, when the voice whispered, "Lie down and rest—wait awhile." I obeyed, as I always do these promptings. The quiet hallelujahs filled my soul. I seemed bathed in glory when the heavenly vision again appeared. The part of my prayer that has not been fully answered seemed about to be fulfilled. The refining fire! I seem to see it coming. A messenger from heaven descended with a censor at his side, containing refining fire—oh, it seemed I could not live. I thought I would be consumed if it came nearer,—the vision vanished. I lay there feeling somewhat disappointed that I could not receive it, when I seemed to hear, "I can give it as you need it." Within a few minutes Mrs. N. called. I spoke out of a full heart, and told her all. She responded to every step of the "struggling way". She wants to be free—just as I did. Lord, set her free and save her family. Another soon called. I thought she knew "The Old Story," but she shook her head, saying, "I do not know this by personal experience." I pray God to use me in helping others into this light.

Jan. 23. The message given to me today by the Holy Spirit was, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

The mail brought me a letter. I held it in my hand for half an hour, forgetting to open it. I was so absorbed in God's love. Oh, what a change in me! Mr. C. handed me a long article about a place where we both had business interests—this would have been read the first thing, while I lived the former life, but I have kept this two weeks, and have not read it yet. "I have found a richer treasure."

I met Mr. and Mrs. M. M. G. last night and told her I was coming to her Expression Class tomorrow. But on coming to my room, I thought, "Had I better go—might not my communion with the Holy Spirit be interrupted?" I could not decide,—thought it might be made plain in the morning. My first thought on waking in the morning was "not answered yet!" I walked about the room awhile, decided perhaps I had better not go, and went back to bed. Almost instantly the voice said, "Go!" I went, and I never saw Cumnock Hall look so beautifully. The Holy Spirit was in every room and breathed through the lesson, teaching me so consciously that I had come into the realization of the beautiful ideal which Mrs. G. was trying to bring before the class. As I sat in the class I remembered how I had struggled to reach this ideal three and a

half years ago, while a student in the school, but God took me away--put me on a bed of illness, took all other props away to teach me to rely on Him alone. He sent me to the school this morning just to show me how He can outstrip all other teachers. After the lecture, I told Mrs. G. (Principal of the Cumnock School of Expression) of my controversy in the morning, and said, "I know now why I came. I have come to a realization of that power within myself." She said, "Mrs. Gunnett, God sent you here this morning to help me. You are an inspiration to me. Yours is a wonderful realization—come again, come as often as you can." Praise God for His leading and teaching.

A friend, Miss F., came this afternoon and found me with tears in my eyes. I said, "They are tears of joy," and began to pour forth the song of my heart—when I saw she did not understand. I realized this instantly and said, "You stopped me right there, I can tell you no more," although she had not spoken—we had a good long talk, however. She will understand some time.

Called on Mrs. V. She was the first to begin praying that I might come into the light. Soon Misses L. and V. joined her. I told Mrs. V. of the wonderful blessing I had received. She was rejoiced, because it was a direct answer to prayer.

When the Holy Spirit shines through our lives our whole being is lightened up. As the keeper turns on the lights in the lighthouse—cease our own vibrations—let the Master produce music—then listen to the sole of heaven.

"In the secret of His presence I have found a blest retreat." I am so glad the Holy Spirit is my teacher. I rest, go, or write, just as He bids.

I awakened at 6 a. m. on January 20th with these verses, "My peace I leave with you," "If I go not away the comforter will not come," "If I go not away." Now I can imagine how the disciples felt at the thought of Jesus leaving them. Did you ever feel a real loneliness for Jesus? I believe it is necessary for us to feel this before the Comforter comes. But oh, the "peace, peace, wonderful peace"—"the gift of God's love"!

How blessed it is to dwell in this atmosphere of peace and love. How different the scriptures read when we understand the language of Canaan.

This morning while meditating on the great fact of God revealing Himself in Jesus, I thought if He had not come in this way we could not realize how spirit could dwell in human clay. Jesus came to make this manifest. I see the trinity—Father, Son and Holy Spirit—as I never saw this before.

A peculiar feature of my experience in the past three or four weeks was that I did not want to read anything, not even my Bible.

I have had such continuous communion, and have been so blessedly fed, that I feared to read, lest this blessed fellowship might be interrupted, but yesterday morning the Holy Spirit brought to my remembrance the 14th chapter of John. I read this, and oh how much better I understand it! How my heart burned within me as this chapter was interpreted by the light of the Holy Spirit!

I observed another marked change. Before this I wanted to be alone, but now I am asking the Lord to send anyone to me who needs the messages which He gives me.

I covet the little time required to do the little bit of work about my room. It seems that the only thing worth while is sitting at the feet of Jesus and listening to His teachings. I understand now as never before why Mary sat at His feet and why He said to Martha, "She hath chosen the better part." Oh, how good the Lord is to me! This has been one continued day of feasting at the table of the Lord.

Sunday, Jan. 27. I thank my Heavenly Father for the peaceful, restful sleep of the past night. All through the night and on awakening this morning I felt the holy quietness and unfathomable love of Jesus. I am bathed in His glory this holy Sabbath morning, as all nature is bathed in sunshine.

The Spirit's message came to me in the following lines:

"All for Jesus—all for jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers,
All my thoughts and all my doings,
All my days and all my hours.

"Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchain'd my spirit's vision
Looking at the Crucified."

While in communion with the Father, before going out, I thought I heard two voices. Now I know one voice was my own desire. How careful we must be to distinguish between the two! I had blessed news I wanted to tell to one of God's own, but before long I felt that I wanted to get off by myself and be alone, perhaps in the gallery where no one knew me, and there be silent with God before the sermon. But instead of doing that I went to my friend's and instantly told the good news. Well, the Holy Spirit sent me back to my room in a hurry, but I was permitted to return to the church in time for the sermon. Now I know His call, "*Be silent before God.*"

I see now that the message which I was so eager to give to my friends was intended for the Holy of Holies. Some things must be told to Jesus only.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty!" Oh, how I have realized the truth of this promise this holy Sabbath day! While every thought was hushed in this silence, and my eyes closed, the Holy Spirit caused me to hear—away somewhere in my being—a deep solemn chant of heavenly music, and as I sang—

"I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's Tree,
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow"—

a revelation of my Jesus on the Cross appeared to be slowly lifted up as the music rolled on—holy stillness!

I am just beginning to understand and feel a little of the love that prompted the Son of God to come to earth and die for sinful man.

"Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?
Dying for me, for me."

I want four pictures in my room. Jesus on the Cross—the thorn-crowned Jesus. I feel His love through His suffering as never before. Another one is the picture of Jesus just as He was unveiled before me in the night of December 28, 1906. Another is that of Jesus in the Transfiguration, and lastly the "Rock of Ages".

6 p. m. "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;

The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide."

I seem to be in the very presence of God and the Holy of Holies. Would that I could breathe forth this atmosphere which I feel--just as if I were floating out of time into eternity.

The Holy Spirit brought this text to my mind, as I lay upon my couch. I may use it sometimes as the basis of a Bible reading:

"I will remove your transgressions from you as far as the East is from the West." Oh, burdened one, don't you want your sins removed, and to realize this promise for yourself? Unless it is removed you will spend an eternity away from God, for no sin can enter there.

Try to think what is meant by Eternity—Eternity—a day is as a thousand years with God.

Go to the sea shore and look out on God's mirror of eternity, and try to realize, if you can, the meaning of this word. Flee from such an eternity by having all sin removed. Do not delay when you hear the Spirit pleading.

"Dost thou know at thy bolted heart's door tonight
The Savior in meekness doth stand,
And longs for admission? Pray listen now
To the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

"Outside He hath stood through the length of the years
Since mother the love-flame first fanned.
You have spurned and rejected, oh give heed tonight
To the knock of the nail-pierced hand."

God's Spirit never intrudes. He goes away if you despise.
Heed the day of your visitation.

The subject of Dr. McIntyre's sermon today was "Eight Gates to the Heavenly City". (See Matt. 5:3-11.)

I entered through the fourth gate.

The evil one has spoken to me through two people. One said, "Is she going crazy?" and the other said, "I am afraid she will become fanatical." Oh, no! They do not know my Teacher.

The Holy Spirit is giving me passages of Scripture that I never could have quoted before, and He has kept melodies of songs ringing in my ears until I am driven to find the words, and when I do I find they are just what I need to express my meaning. How good it is that we can find language to express melodies of the soul!

Jan. 28. I started out to find the pictures of Jesus as He was revealed to me in the night vision, and as I saw Him yesterday afternoon—"Dying for me". Is everybody changed or is the change in me? The first store I entered a lovely young lady waited on me. After telling her the subjects I wanted, she took me upstairs. We were alone except the Divine Presence. As I caught glimpses of the features which I sought my heart was deeply moved. She began to talk in whispers. Both hearts were deeply moved. When the face of the Thorn-Crowned Jesus was laid before me I burst into tears. It was as if we were standing beside one who was precious to both of us. Oh, the solemn stillness that prevailed! It is the *face* I saw, but I cannot get it with the Cross. Another face that was unveiled before me and that beamed upon me in such love, is just like the one in the picture where He is blessing the little children. I cannot find the other pictures here. I told th young lady—as we looked through different boxes—that I would know the faces when I saw them as they had been revealed to me. As I started to go she said most pleasantly, "I hope you will find the ones you seek." After going to four different stores, the thought came to me, "Of course you will never find the faces revealed to you by the blessed Lord," so I will go back and take the nearest likeness. As I went into the second store, and walked down the aisle, I looked neither to the right nor left, but was praying the Lord to send me the right clerk, when who should appear but one dear Carrie, now Mrs. B. I had an opportunity to blessedly witness for the same Jesus there. As I walked the streets it was revealed to me how I should use these pictures to any hungry heart who might visit my room. Oh blessed leading!

Tuesday morning, Jan. 29. Well! I missed the great event, the lecture of Wm. Jennings Bryan, the one lecture of all the University course that I especially wanted to hear, but I had been interrupted and while at my writing again last night I utterly forgot the lecture. It is no longer here or there. I feel somehow that I was doing a more important work. My letter is now on the way to San Francisco—other things can wait. God's purposes must be fulfilled.

9:45. God is sending me so many messages that it seems I cannot get dressed to go to breakfast. Oh, how I love Him! Should my experience ever grow dim, I believe God would send me to nature instead of to people.

It all comes to me so plainly, how I had fallen out with myself before God gave me this blessing. Sometimes it would occur to me, "People don't like you," and then I would say, "I don't blame them, I don't like myself." I prayed God to make me new—to drive out all selfishness, impatience, ill temper, everything that would prevent His Spirit dwelling with me.

I have nothing to say to you, but Jesus has. I am only His messenger to take His message. And you would like to be His messenger, too? Are you willing to pay the price? That is all that is necessary. Jesus wants all of His children to be His messengers.

Listen! When did you take a message for Jesus to some sick or needy one? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me."

A dear one was afraid lest I would become a picture worshiper. Ah, me! "Do you suppose I could worship a picture after having seen the original?" His love brought me to my knees where I could see the love expressed in the picture of the Child's face.

When I look upon the things of the world which are such absorbing attractions to others, my heart bursts out in the song:

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"Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."
Oh precious is the flow
That washes white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

My body was so weary that I threw myself on my couch saying, "Jesus, give me a new body. I cannot do work for Thee with this." Answer, "Don't you want to come to me?" Instantly I jumped from my couch for my pencil and tablet. My whole being seemed to be awakened to the possibilities of the life beyond. Music, Harmony, Peace, Joy! Doing His will without interruption! But instead of writing I sat silently and unmoveable in the glory of the divine presence. Before I can describe this, I must have new powers of speech, and new symbols of communication. I think I must have

had a little of John's experience when the glories of the world beyond were unfolded to him in Patmos. I was in the Spirit. If this was a foretaste of what life is when we pass out of the body, no one need hesitate to enter upon it. "Oh, the consuming love of Jesus! How I feel His presence overshadowing me!" This was my heart language.

I have been writing since 1:30—stopped an hour for dinner, and His presence was with me all the while. Oh, what a busy day with the One altogether lovely! This blessed overshadowing after the day's work is done I take for my wages. How blessedly He pays! I cannot go to bed and sleep with all this glory in my soul. Why, as I think how miserable and unhappy I was, and how I dreaded the long nights, I see now what I needed!

I received a letter from a dear friend who is very anxious that I use certain terms or forms of expression in giving my experience, but I am not anxious about labels. My messages come first hand—I say this in all humility. The Holy Spirit is my teacher, and I want no other. My friends mean all right, I know this, and God bless you.

How the dear Lord did let me "fuss around" for a time this morning before taking my hand! I could not read—did not receive any message—felt so empty, I was a little frightened lest some one would come for a morsel of the food upon which I had been feeding so blessedly. I just knelt by my couch and said, "Dear Lord, you see how empty I am today. Should anyone come, you must give the message. I have none to give." Then the voice whispered, "The empty vessel is all that I can use." So I arose and began to disentangle my notes on Beulah Land or Peace messages,—what shall I call them? When, praise His dear name! the dove of peace came hovering over the table and then I knew I had found the right work. I was putting them by and they were accumulating, and there was no one else who would write them for me. Now I know the Lord wants to use these messages for others. I no longer feel timid about this. His presence is so consciously with me, and His approval so clear—for verily it is His message and not mine at all—I am the instrument.

My testimony at prayer meeting: "I want to thank the Lord that this uttermost salvation has reached me!" I wrote in my diary last Sabbath morning, "The best Sabbath day of all my life," and today I seemed to have gone several rounds higher. While dwelling in the "upper room" this afternoon, the Holy Spirit suggested that I give the message to a relative in the East who has recently suffered a great affliction. After the letter was written I read it over, and the evil one said, "You are not going to send that are you? If you do, you would better add a postscript saying, 'Let no one else read it'." My, how I seemed to have slipped down the ladder suddenly!

After posting the letter he said, "You are tired. Better not go to prayer meeting tonight. Stay at home and write." I do not think he cares how many messages or testimonies we write just so we do not send them out." I instantly said, "*I am* going to prayer meeting and *am going to testify.*" He immediately disappeared, and then I wondered what would happen if the Holy Spirit won a victory like this at every prayer meeting.

Shall I ever be able to fully thank the blessed Lord for His beautiful revelation to my soul on the night of December 28, 1906? As I write the picture "Christ blessing the little children" is before me. I placed it where I *can* look upon it while writing, and as I look I say, "Yes, I feel the same love that the little child in His arms is trying to express." I nestled close to the bosom of Christ and I felt His love beaming upon me.

Oh, Holy Lord! What a heritage is mine! Thou art my Father and I am Thy child. It is the reflection of a personal presence I feel with me, and the longer I look the more clearly I realize that He is *mine, MINE, MINE!*

I see in this picture the reward of perfect trust. As one looks upon the picture he sees the love expressed in the faces of those farthest away, but as the love of these in touch with Him is inexpressible one must *feel* it. Can I ever cease to gaze upon it with adoration and holy love? (I am on my knees writing, feeling that I want to get closer.) Oh, hallelujah! I bow my head for His blessing. Let me feel that hand laid upon my head, and with the touch, oh my Jesus! may I ask it now? Thy will be done.

Soliloquy: Three-quarters of an hour before this picture, and oh, the blessed communion we have had—

Now I am to write a letter to one whose precious daughter has just gone to glory,—

There is so much more in every touch of Christ than we can comprehend. There is always more to follow—this one incident in my life when the Lord revealed Himself to me—this is the face I saw. I went to every store before I found it. I saw other faces of Christ, but only this one would satisfy. Now, as I sit before it, I see that He wanted me to see Him. His touch can transform faces. Is this why people are so kind to me? This morning I was melted into tears by the smiles and welcome I received wherever I went, and while on the street I met so many old-time friends, and was greeted so cordially! Oh, I believe there will ever be a new message in this picture, day by day, as I gaze upon it!

3 a. m. Jan. 31. What does all this mean? From the innermost depths of my soul comes music solemn and grand as if it would roll out and bring the whole world to its knees. Oh, the solemnity of this hour! I feel that some soul has been liberated,

whether from the body or from sin, I cannot tell. Eternal things are never buried, yet recorded in time. It is all over in an instant.

What list have I been on all these years, dear Lord? The answer, "Find your photograph in the Parable of the Sower." Yes, here it is. "No depth of earth"—with the cultivators all around me and my garden full of weeds! No wonder no one ever cared to look at my garden! If you are lonely, look at your garden. Go to work—exercise spiritually. But thank God for the eleventh-hour engagement—and the pay comes as in days of old.

9:0 a. m. Have you ever waited in eager expectation for—you knew not what—but felt it was coming nearer? This is my attitude this morning. But it is joyful expectancy. Could I touch the button I would set all the joy-bells of this world ringing.

As I sit down with my Bible for a quiet half hour with Jesus, I feel to thank Him for all that has come into my life, for with this dissatisfaction with self, and earth's wages, and with this hunger of soul, has come this blessed experience.

11:30. Glory! Glory! It was that good letter of my dear husband written January 29th that was winging its flight to me that I felt in the air this morning. Oh, what wages heaven gives!

My Bible lesson for January 31st was First Samuel, 16th chapter. Father, annoint me with what this oil symbolizes. Set me apart for service. May I bring the message that will still troubled hearts. Let me bring the music of heaven that souls may be refreshed.

"Companionship with Jesus!" What an exalted privilege for one so lowly and unworthy as I! My soul sings:

"I'm walking close to Jesus side,
So close that I can hear
The softest whisper of His love
In fellowship so dear."

I have been reviewing my pictures and as I look upon each one they become a living presence. Dear Soul! keep looking to this same Jesus, until His life is reflected in yours, and you are transformed from glory into glory, even into perfect likeness. As I look upon these I see the Revealer of Peace to the world. He is praying for you, "that He may stablish your heart unblameable in holiness before God" (First Thes. 3:13).

3 p. m. God has given me His blessed fulness. He sanctifies my soul. I have never thought until this moment that I would be able to say that. I wanted to keep so humble and use lesser appellations, but when the Holy Spirit tells me anything, He *tells* me. I cannot get away from it. If I do not write it down just then, He puts me in remembrance of it at some other time.

CHAPTER II

PROPHETIC MESSAGE AND SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT

Prophetic message. I know that this is God's message to the world through me. One thing fits into another that was written at different times, and I am His amanuensis writing away in this little room on the third floor of the hotel, but the place makes no difference—it is the message that is important, and that we need to hear.

I see one falling, falling, falling from a high pinnacle. Oh, falling from that mountain height! His family are looking on. Oh, why did you, why did you? The church is without its beloved pastor. They are surging around his fallen form like a stampeded flock—like sheep without a shepherd. Sorrowful group. Looking upon what? Dead hopes. Dead ambitions. Lost, lost! Yes, all is lost, but the beautiful flower of peace and hope which will rise again. The crushed hopes will rise again, and out of the wreck will rise a beautiful monument to faith and trust. The all-seeing eye is over all. I never in all my life before felt so much that I must be about my Father's business.

The world is engulfed in an ocean of sin—some are going down, down, down. They are grasping on every side for something to hold to, saying, "I will find rest and peace." But, search as they may, there is only one way of safety. The message is ended. Now I will try to sleep. At this point I begged of the Lord not to give me anything more to deliver. The answer was, "You are my empty vessel." "You know, Father, that I want to be used of Thee. But oh, to foretell the downfall of one dearly beloved is so hard to do. But use me, *use me!* Thy will be done!"

To anyone who reads this prophetic message, I wish to say that it was dictated by the Holy Spirit in single words and sentences—seldom a full sentence at one time. I thought I would lie down and try to sleep and rest, but I know now that the Lord wanted to still every *thought* in me so that He could use me. I lay on my side, with my hand resting on the pillow. My pencil and tablet lay on the foot of my launge. I would sit up, write the word or sentence, then recline on my pillow again, thinking every word would be the last. I could not see the purport of the message only as it grew

under my hand. But when I wrote "The message is ended" I saw that it was, as no further message came. My Jesus, *must* it be? What will I do with this? I want to lock it up and hide it away from all eyes. Guide me, Lord Jesus. The Holy Spirit says, "I am dealing with men in high places, and you are my instrument. Do as I bid you, and leave results with me. You have no cause to worry. Never doubt."

Jesus will cause me to forget the beautiful message, and the lovely vision in the night (December 28, 1906) if I heed any earthly voice. Dear Lord, let me see the beaming face!

As I returned from dinner tonight, I realized just a little of how the heart of Jesus yearned for His children. I have never for a moment doubted that God was sending His messages through me, and I was so glad to be thus used; but today when that prophetic message was given me affecting a very dear friend I cried, "Oh, make him come, dear Jesus make him come just now!" I seemed to see that by His coming the catastrophe might be averted. God sees the beginning and the ending of each life and He yearns to turn us from any catastrophe that might affect our immortal souls. I feel that this one is resisting the Holy Spirit. He does not want to humble himself. He came and found the choice pearl.

My simple prayer over and over again was, "Jesus, I want to speak and pray for Thee." It is the *desire* of the heart that the Lord answers—not the words. If you are not able to express your desire, God hears. He understands the language of the heart. He never turns a deaf ear to the lonely, hungry heart. Just listen and obey His voice and you will not stay long in darkness or bondage.

I never before felt hurried by the Holy Spirit, but this morning I felt impelled to write, write, write. While at breakfast, I felt that the Lord must be scarce of material if He needs me to be a messenger for His gospel, and with this thought came a feeling of sadness, that the Crucified Jesus should have to seek in the by-ways for one that He could use. Are not God's holy ministers preaching the entire gospel? Does He have to take an ignorant messenger that He has emptied and filled in their stead?

I have always felt that I never would cross the ocean if all my expenses were paid and wages given me for my time. But I would do it for Jesus. I am ready to do for Him what I would not do for myself. I am just His little child to run errands.

"I'd rather be the least of them
That are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne."

My friend who called today saw herself in the mirror of God's holiness, and cried out, "Oh, Mrs. G., there is sin in my heart!" I answered, "Yes, I know it, and you will never find peace and happiness where you are now looking for it, but if you would find one star for your crown, you will find an opportunity in your own family, and the peace and love you crave will come with the effort. Go to your own room, and ask the Lord to let His light shine into your heart."

My silent prayer for her was, "Dear Father, deepen that conviction until she yields all to Thee." Well, bless the Lord, that prayer is answered. She has sweetly found deliverance from sin, and the peace of God now fills her soul.

I wish every one would do just as the Holy Spirit directs, no matter how strange it may appear. How sad the thought that God's children, whom He died to save, *will* hinder His work!

Oh, I am so tired, and yet I feel that it would be the greatest loss in all my life for these messages to cease. I cannot bear the thought, and yet they may have to stop till I am rested. Oh, that some one would come and say, "Do you want me?" We are commanded to "pray without ceasing". Mine has been "write without ceasing" for the past ten days or more. I can lie on the couch and take the message on my tablet with perfect ease, but the copying takes time and exhausts me.

Saturday night—midnight.

Holy Spirit, preciously near,
Whispers into my ear;
Should Jesus call me home
The heavenly plains to roam,
With angels for my kin,
Away from strife and sin.
You grieve for one so blest,
Who has entered into rest.
No! no! my friends, rejoice, be glad,
My soul is free, on earth 'twas sad.

We'll feel in that world of glory
Pure love in essence sanctified—
Love that gave to earth the story
Of Christ our Lord, the crucified.

In glory we shall see the King,
In that bright world of purest bliss,
Of His sustaining love we'll sing,
And brought us to that world from this.

While attending vesper services of the Y. W. C. A. I felt a keen regret on account of my limited education, but the Holy Spirit said, "Have no regrets—set no boundaries." Well, perhaps I can be a spark to touch some greater light.

The Sabbath day has closed, but I do not wish to retire without recording the lesson which was taught me tonight. Now God cannot use us as He wills until our own thought is still. Could we but know how much *self* keeps out of our lives—perhaps that is the meaning of the "black wall" I saw where the glory of God was so revealed on the other side. That is the self—the ego within us that prevents the glory shining through our lives. It is as if we drew the blinds and thus prevented the sun from shining in. Oh, that we might get away from self—out of our own light so that God's glory would float over our path! There is enough light behind that wall to illuminate the whole world. Perhaps the Holy Spirit revealed the glory behind the wall to teach me that though our path may be darkened by doubt or self, the light is still there. Oh, to think what I have been keeping out of my life by that wall of self!

HOLY MEDITATION

When Jesus sets me free,
When all my pain is gone,
On earth or else in heaven
I'll sing a new sweet song.

I'll sing how He loved me,
And how my shackles fell;
Made blinded eyes to see,
'Rose to climb celestial.

Oh, the glory of the story!
Though reckoned old, 'tis ever new,
How He left His home in glory,
And how He ransomed me and you.

Monday morning, 1:30 a. m. Oh, what holy joy I feel in the stillness of the night as the Holy Spirit is hovering over me as a foreshadowing of coming blessings! Oh, how my heart is baptized with His love just now! He wakened me out of sleep this morning to give me this message:

Oh blessed Holy Spirit,
Oh messenger of light,
I thank Thee for Thy presence,
Making all my way so bright.

The blessed love of Jesus,
It stills the troubled breast,
Gives peace for every heartache,
Gives blessed rest, sweet rest.

There is a psalm of praise in my heart this morning. I have a stronger desire for heaven than I have for earth, and I do not want to become acclimated to earth again.

10 a. m. Busy with my household duties, and I find that when work is necessary to be done I can have my pencil and tablet near by and go about my work keeping the heart in tune, and the messages come in perfect harmony,—no time wasted in this school.

Well, here I am on my knees writing a message to my mother. The Holy Spirit sends these messages so fast sometimes that I do not stop to find a chair or table.

I was very ill last night—thought Jesus was about to translate me—every symptom of appendicitis, but it is all gone this morning. My body was all broken before Jesus took possession. He has not given me a new tabernacle yet, but is just keeping the old in repairs.

It seems that every characteristic of my nature is changed. I am not annoyed over little things, and not hurried. I seem to have plenty of time and I am sure I am accomplishing much more. Jesus helps in even little things. How happy I am in having such a Friend whom I can consult in all things!

Why did I waste so much of my life in useless things, the acquiring of which never satisfies? But I should not allow myself to dwell on the past. I feel that it is not pleasing to my Lord. My thought and activity are for the future.

I had a caller this afternoon who is being “tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine”. Oh, how I pity such who are without anchorage! Immediately on her departure, the Holy Spirit brought this song to my mind:

“Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.

“Perish every fond ambition,
All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.”

For my Bible lesson I was led to First Corinthians, 13th and 14th chapters. “The greatest of these is love.” Prophesying is

speaking for God under the inspiration of the Spirit—preaching in the Holy Ghost.

I see that God is going to bless me in my Bible reading as never before. I see beauties hitherto unseen and am so thrilled with the grandeur of all God's creation that my body is almost too weak to contain the pressure of this love and joy which He is pouring into my heart.

I wonder if any human yet created could bear God's pure revelations? It seems to me that I will have to wait until I am out of the body. Oh, how tame is our language when one tries to express God's revelations to the soul! I have to lay aside my Bible at times until my intense heart-throbs are somewhat lessened.

At times I am almost afraid to look into its beauties—they are so dazzling, for the Holy Spirit is giving me just as much as I can bear now. Yet there may be another meaning in it—to give me confidence. God knows how weak I feel when I look at self. Help me, dear Jesus, to keep my eyes on Thee!

Feb. 7th. I want language to express how tenderly the dear Lord wakens me to give me messages and do His bidding. Some time I may be able, but my present speech is too feeble.

I was awakened last night at midnight with the same loving touch—now it comes to me how I may tell it, but not in language—Look at Jesus and the little child when His hand is laid upon its head. It is the same love, responsive touch.

I tried again to write some notes of the majestic anthem that is ever vibrating through my being, and being awakened by this divine touch; but after lying awake for two hours trying in vain to catch some of these heavenly strains, this was whispered to me, "Just lie quietly, enjoy communion without writing. If it is to be written you will remember it."

Just returned from the meeting at Pasadena. I plainly see why I was led to the Alliance Meeting yesterday afternoon. Brother B— brought the message. He was not expecting to preach at that meeting, but was asked to do so just as he came into the hall. My innermost being was touched as he spoke of God's manifestations to us, and how He lifts the veil so that we can see plainly His will for us, and today it seemed that the Bible reading was given especially for me. It was God's mirror held up before me, assuring me more fully of God's gift to me. Oh, how blessedly God deals with us!

I stand in awe as I think of these revelations, and feel in my inmost being that God has a great purpose to be fulfilled in me. My blessed Lord! If I did not feel and know that "*Self*" was all gone, I could not say this. He has my "Thy will be done," and I believe He knows that He can trust me. I believe His grace is sufficient for every need, and just now, at this writing I have not

grace, or wisdom, or strength to be used in any public way. He is just now keeping me in the quiet of my own room under the tuition of the Holy Spirit, and oh how I do love this being shut away with the Blessed One! I truly believe the Holy Spirit sent me here, and directed and prepared the speaker to give this part of God's word just as truly as Philip was sent to Gaza to instruct the Etheopian.

Last Friday night the Holy Spirit led me to study the 12th, 13th and 14th chapters of First Corinthians, and there made known His gift to me.

You will read elsewhere my testimony, when my being was so filled as He beamed upon me, and when the question was presented, "Would you know Him by the print of the nails in His hands?" I answer I cried out, "No, no, no! But by the love, by the love!" And all through this experience I have been made so sensitive to any manifestation of His love or kindness wherever I see it, even on the street—as I saw it a few days ago when a little child became weary, and the father took it up in his arms. As I saw the love expressed in the faces of the parents and child as he lifted the little one into his arms, oh how my heart was melted to tenderness, for I recognized in this an expression of the divine love!

I have seen the same manifestation between husband and wife, and in friend for invalid friend. It touched me in a way I cannot explain. Why did I never see this before, much less feel it?

This is mine, dear Lord—love that satisfies, and permeates my whole being. "Love is kind." I made special note of this as I tried to see myself in every way, for I wanted proof positive.

While thankful to my blessed Savior for exalting one so lowly, I also felt the great responsibility of being thus endowed. I am different from my former self. I do not want to "put anybody out" for my comfort. I am not annoyed when children stumble over my path; my heart goes out to them in a different way.

"Is not puffed up." Dear Jesus, you know how humble I feel—how I try to get away by myself when people are seeing manifestations of a power wrought in me.

"Faith!"

Yes, I believe God. I know that I have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in the quiet of my own room. Jesus has revealed himself to me. He has spoken to me by way of revelation and knowledge—given me a blessed in-filling. The affections of my heart are twining about Him, whereas before this they were about my earthly possessions. All else is secondary now. Jesus has first place.

Before this life of love became mine I thought, How can anyone love God better than father, mother or husband and with *all* the *heart, soul, mind, and strength?* And I doubted whether any such

thing could be; but *now I know*. Oh, my precious Jesus, Thou art all and all to me! More than all the world to me! "The fathomless billows of love" sweep over me, and I want to escape and be with Him.

Can I enumerate my gifts, as in God's presence with His pure eyes looking down upon me? Mine according to the evidence? Love, knowledge, faith, prophecy?

The secrets of hearts have been made manifest through hearing my experience. One said, after hearing it, "Oh, there is sin in my heart!" Another said, "I do not know this by personal experience." Another, "One cannot but help being better after meeting you." (She meant meeting Jesus through me.) Another, who has been long in the way and claims sanctification, "I have never been helped so much by anyone else as by you. I felt the Holy Spirit's presence when you came in and sat by my side." I felt the Presence as I walked home and through the hall to my room. See First Corinthians 14:25, "And thus are the secrets of His heart made manifest." Also 22nd verse of same chapter, "Prophesying is for a sign not to the unbelieving, but to them that believe."

These signs are following the manifestations and evidences and I am abiding in the realm of love.

Love is mine, faith is mine. I have tried to be obedient thus far. I have rest in God's approval. I commit all to Him and wait His will.

As I read in Acts, 2nd chapter, how the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the disciples and how they were endowed with power from on high, and the mighty works they wrought, and as I read how Jesus "was led" as a lamb to the slaughter to redeem the world from sin, and of what was spoken through the prophet Joel of what is coming to pass in these last days, my soul cries out, Baptize me with this power, Lord! Send me out, or keep me at home—anything for Thee, my Lord and my God! Have I been saved for this day. How weak and how powerless to do anything of myself! I feel the weakest of all Thy children. Help me. I sink in humility before Thee.

Feb. 8th. A date to be remembered, as I lie upon my bed seeing myself in God's mirror as seen in these Corinthian chapters. I find myself a *new creature* in Christ Jesus, and possessed by the Holy Spirit as never before. My soul and body are not my own. I realize the blessed in-filling more sensibly than ever before.

The skillful musician strikes the key of a piece of music and can keep it sounding through all the changes, clear to the end, when not interrupted by louder sounds. So I now think of how the Divine Musician struck this chord in my life years ago at South Pasadena, California, while I lay on a bed of illness, and how the orchestras of the world drowned out the beautiful melody on my

recovery; and how I have been trying to grasp it again. But now, as the joy-bells of the new year 1907 are sounding, the dormant notes respond, I hear the melody or keynote again and it brings the "Peace be still". The language of my heart is voiced in the words of the song, telling where I now live:

"Far away in the depths of my spirit tonight
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm;
In celestial-like strains it unceasingly rolls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm."

My Jesus is dealing so lovingly and gently with me. If He has any special work for me I do not know it yet. I traveled over a rough road strewn with sticks, stones and briars so long in reaching this land of delight that He is just letting me rest and refresh myself in the green pastures, and by the still waters of His love, and is allowing me to enjoy the beauties of the land to my heart's content, singing songs of this Canaan land, and describing all the resting places along the way. He is giving me many "Quiet Hours," for which I thank Him. He indeed "has led me in a way that I knew not". This is the first leisure and freedom from care and responsibility that I have ever had. This "Being in His will" is the only restful life. I do not feel hurried, or feel myself important in any way, but it is "*Jesus Only*". In myself I am nothing, but I realize that a wonderful work has been done in me. From being a clod in His path that was not worth the tossing away, He has made of me a vessel that He can use. The glory is still and always will be with the Potter and not with or in the clay.

Feb. 17. I attended sacramental services this morning, and what a feast it was to my soul! In the evening I heard Dr. McIntyre preach on "Saint Patrick". It was inspiring to learn what one man, filled with the Holy Spirit, could accomplish—lifted a whole nation to Christ in his lifetime, not by money or by political influence, but through the power of the Holy Spirit. My heart was hungry to be used in some way. Make me a saint, dear Jesus, and use me for Thy glory.

There are heights and depths that I know nothing of—raise me higher, and sink me lower. Sink *me* out of sight in Thy Holy Will and shine through me. Magnify Thyself in me. Mould me into a vessel for Thy use. Form and reform and transform me until Thy every purpose is fulfilled in me. This is my supreme desire.

I thank God for this day, and for being permitted to exalt Him to that hungry soul at the close of the service, and also for the suggestion that was given me while the voluntary was being played at the opening of the service. I wanted to be quiet in that sacred

presence, but the chatter, chatter all around me seemed so irreverent. Strange that I never noticed it so much before. The suggestion was that this motto should be placed on the organ front: "The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence." I should like to leave this as a small memorial when I am gone.

As I sat there I thought, What an inspiration the pastor would receive if when the organ Voluntary began, every voice would be hushed and all God's children would lift their hearts to the One who is over all and who is a silent listener to all conversation, praying for their pastor and thus preparing their own hearts for the service, as well as honoring our Master before those who know Him not. As it is, one cannot tell God's children from those who are not. Oh, what blunders we thoughtlessly make!

Lord, I thank Thee for opening my eyes tonight to this irreverence. Help me to carry out Thy will in the service of the sanctuary, as elsewhere. I am ashamed and humiliated that I did not see it before. I thank Thee over and over again for Thy patience and long-suffering toward us. I would rather spend all my days and all my hours reading Thy Word and meditating upon its precepts, but this body calls for rest. Just fold me in Thy arms of love while I sleep, and when I have had sufficient rest, waken me for Thy blessed messages. They are my letters from heaven and I cannot receive too many.

My dear, dear friend, Mrs. H., is being touched by the power of the Spirit. She and her daughter began keeping "The Quiet Hour" tonight. May the blessed Presence overshadow them! I must here tell the daughter's testimony for the glory of God. Some others may be helped thereby. While they were in our family, in my husband's absence, we adopted the custom of each repeating a verse of scripture as our grace at the table. She told me today that one verse repeated by her at that time has been with her ever since—almost two years—"Create in me a clean heart, O God".

She now wants to be fully the Lord's and will be and do what He wants. I have been so burdened for the mother. My poem,

"Love that bought us,
Love that sought us,"

was the burden put upon me after her visit. She is seen throughout this song; but now, praise God, it will be a happier strain. Her heart is touched. She is kind and tender. Lord, guide and strengthen her and make them an unbroken family in heaven. Remember *all* who have asked our prayers for Jesus sake. *Amen!*

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

In the secret of Thy presence,
Shut away from sin and strife,
In the stillness of this presence
I can hear the Savior's voice.
Oh, the sweet and tender accents
Of my Lord who lived and died,
Calling us to future glory
Over on the other side,—

In that land of immortals,
In that land beside the sea,
We shall meet our loving Savior,
Many a hand-clasp waiteth thee,
When the earthly task is ended.
When our spirits take their flight,
Glory blinds our mortal vision,—
Dawning of Eternal Light.

It may be that some one is trying to block my way. In that case I must go around and not stand and let this keep me from walking with God.

Another interpretation of that "Black Wall" comes to me this morning. It is that I am to realize the glory back of it, no matter what comes up to obscure the vision.

Thoughts come to me directly from the Holy Spirit, and as I recognize they are from Him, I write the words as they are given me to express the thoughts. The words come as fast as I can write them—no thinking on my part; not thinking but writing fast. When self interposes, the continuity is broken and I am stranded.

I do not feel called upon to defend this, or explain further. Should anyone attempt to interpose a doubt or offer any other explanation, it may be necessary for me to keep away from such persons.

Just here the Holy Spirit whispers: "Go quietly ahead. Get these messages out as fast as you can. They will speak for you. There is a light in them that cannot be hid."

Monday night, Feb. 18. Husband has just left for his field of labor. Our week together has been spent in copying my messages. We spent three days of this blessed work in the parks, where we could write without interruption. My Jesus, who has so wonderfully filled my life, also touches his,—just as we were finishing our week's work, with a wonderful illumination.

We spent the last hours in reading, and copying extracts from letters. Then I read him my experience, which I had written in a book. (He had been reading it in my life all week.) After which we knelt in prayer—he dating this as the beginning of a new and blessed life, and the most blessed week of all our lives.

After he had gone, while kneeling at my table pouring out my heart in thankfulness to my Savior, my Sanctifier, and my Redeemer for what He was doing for us, I seemed to see, oh so plainly, that the fire of God was burning off his fetters, setting him free and endowing him with new powers. I saw his body as of burnished brass, purged by the spirit of burning, and I wrote:

As husband to his work doth go
The Holy Spirit bends so low
I catch the whisper of His breath:
“Redeemed, redeemed and saved from death!”

The flow divine of which he caught
While writing all the lessons taught
Will bear him on and bear him higher
Until he sings with tuneful lyre.

(She saw her own prophecy fulfilled, in part at least. I was most gloriously baptized with the Holy Spirit, and during the next two months I wrote my book “Echoes of Long Ago” and several religious poems and songs. She saw and knew this and wrote it in verse before it was accomplished in me. I can never doubt her inspiration.—A. H. G.)

CHAPTER III

THE POETIC GIFT

In my youth I was not favored with the opportunities for an education. Financial reverses swept away most of our property, so that it was necessary for me to earn my own living when I was but fifteen years old. My youthful dreams and ambitions were to be a musician, and by the time I reached the age mentioned I was giving music lessons.

For the next ten years I was busily engaged in teaching and attending musical college.

Mine has been a busy life, with but little time that could be given to reading or literary acquirements. Even while trying to fill the place of a pastor's wife, it was necessary to continue giving music lessons, in order to help meet our family expenses.

I do not speak of these things in a complaining way, but because it seems so strange that having given but little thought or attention to literary work, I should now be writing both prose and poetry. My lack of education and inability to express what few thoughts I had was a constant source of mortification and humiliation to me. It was a task even to write a letter to my best and most intimate friends, and I would often ask my husband to correct what I had written, and to help me to express what I wished to write.

Often when my heart was full to overflowing with God's love, and I was longing to tell this, yet I would say nothing in the meetings, and go home humiliated with the thought of my inability to express myself like others. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that God knew my heart, and how gladly would I have given a testimony or prayed audibly in the prayer meeting if it had been possible for me to do so. Perhaps I should have made the attempt, but the fact of my limited education and the fear of making mistakes kept me from taking much part publicly.

When this new life dawned upon me, it came in answer to my prayer for a clean heart where God might dwell and for the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, and that my will might be completely surrendered to God's will. I asked for no gift. This never entered my mind. When I received this divine fulness, God gave me what I most needed in addition to what I wanted. My soul was flooded

with the divine presence and power. The bands which hitherto had held me down were broken asunder. My fettered soul was set free. There was also a mental quickening, and an illumination such as I had never known before. My tongue was loosened. Words came readily and without effort, and before I was aware of it, my thoughts were taking on a rhythmic form and in such a rapid flow that I was very greatly astonished. Then it began to dawn upon me that possibly God was giving me the poetic gift. My rapture knew no bounds. I shouted aloud God's praise over and over again. I asked, "What does it all mean?" I seemed to be dwelling in the vestibule of heaven. My heart was full of pure love—the word "purity" had a new meaning for me. I called my husband and said to him, "You know I love you, and you know I love my mother, but I now have just as distinct a personal love for my Jesus as I have for you or my mother." This was so different from what my former experience had been. Before this I had said in a kind of conventional way that I loved Jesus, but now it was a real burning passion, and no idle or empty profession.

My mind was filled with pure thoughts. My affections and my thoughts were bleeding into a harmonious union, and were taking form in a flow of words that amazed me. I looked into the mirror and asked myself, "Is this I—the one whose life and faculties had hitherto been so limited and weak, or is this a manifestation of the Christ life within me?" I called to mind this scripture, "Christ in you the hope of glory." This did not exactly fit my case, for it was not a "hope" with me, but a reality. Christ was dwelling in me and I seemed to be bathing in a sea of glory. Christ within me! Dare I make claim to this? The New Testament declares that it is a possibility, and it is the only reasonable explanation to me of this pure love, and these strangely new thoughts. He is living in, and acting, and speaking through me. Oh, that I had words that could even in a measure describe the solemn awe which possessed me when I began to comprehend and really for the first time felt that my body was the temple of the Holy Spirit, and that the rightful owner was now in His temple.

Before this I was hostess and He was an occasional guest. Now, He is the Host and I the guest. I am to dine at His table, and partake of His hospitalities.

There must not be any more vanity or trifling in my life, thought or actions. Christ in me! How can I appreciate this honor, or show myself worthy of it? Can we grasp the significance of this? To have the King of Kings and Lord of Lords to be as closely connected with you as a member of your own family—yes, much closer—as close as the union between your own spirit and body! At this point words lose their meaning. Who can understand or comprehend what this

union signifies? We in Him and He in us! A union formed by God Himself between the divine and the human. My Lord and my God, I stand amazed—my whole being possessed with a holy awe that is unspeakable!

I speak of this poetic gift with the same degree of reverence and gratitude that I bear testimony to God's saving, cleansing and keeping power, for I regard this just as certainly His gift to me, and divinely wrought in me, as are the others.

I would be awakened out of a sweet sleep and God would give me some message or beautiful thought, and when I attempted to express this in words, apparently without effort on my part, the words would arrange themselves in poetic form, and often while reading, some thought would leap into my mind and, laying aside the book or paper, this thought, which the reading suggested, or however it came, would grow under my hand into a poem. When I would visit the parks, or get out into the open country, nature's beauties awakened my mind into the most strenuous activity. I would see these beauties and grandeurs and harmonies as I had never seen them before. It appeared to me that I was walking in a garden of enchantment with the gardener himself, who was showing me all the charms of the place, and then an irresistible impulse to write would take possession of me. For some time it had been my custom when I went to church to take notes of the sermon, and since this gift came to me, the first thing I did when I returned from church was to change these notes into verse. And when I would be writing letters to my friends, before I was aware of it my thoughts were drifting into rhythmic measures and rhyme.

This part is more easily told; but oh the ecstasy of soul which took possession of me while writing was beyond the power of words to express. Of course this feeling varied in intensity according to the nature or character of the theme. My whole being was thrilling with rapture, until at times I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of it. I seemed to be living and moving in an atmosphere of glory. Everything I saw, heard, felt or thought was blended into a blissful harmony. Often I could scarcely make my pencil write fast enough, to make note of all the beautiful thoughts that were rushing through my mind, or the pictures that were passing before my mental vision.

At other times, I would lay aside my paper and pencil and would enter into a kind of activity or communion different from what I had ever experienced before or heard of. A new order of faculties seemed to be awakened within me which I cannot describe, for there are no human words or symbols to aid me in this.

All that I can say is that it was unspeakably glorious. I have sometimes thought that it might be the prelude of the new song

which the redeemed are to sing in glory, or a gleam of the twilight of that day when we will be living and acting as pure spirits in communion with each other, and with Infinite Spirit untramed by physical limitations, or undisturbed by the interruptions of the selfish and cross-purposes of this present state of existence—a kind of first fruit of “Spirit life”.

Take the highest ecstasy of soul that can be conceived by all the English words expressive of pleasure, bliss, joy, etc., and multiply these a thousand fold and still you have not approached within the faintest conception of what my rapture was. Some one wrote:

“Go wing your way from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the flaming universe extends her wall,
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each with endless years,
But one hour with God exceeds them all.”

And so it was with me.

Sometimes this experience would be prolonged for hours, and then I would pass into a state of quiet. An atmosphere of blissful repose enveloped me, and this seemed to be permeated with a Living Presence which penetrated and so completely filled my being that I felt that I was one with this Presence, and yet I still retained my own identity.

This may appear paradoxical to the reader, and if so it is because words fail me in this attempted description. I am neither a philosopher or theologian. I only know that I was filled with peace, joy, love, and that this rest of soul, intellectual quickening and inspiration came after I had made a complete surrender of myself to God. This surrender was more than the utterance of words, or the assent of the mind. My whole being sank away from my former self in such complete abandon that all was changed. It was somewhat like the shadows of night vanishing before the approaching dawn. As the old life departed the new rushed in. All was changed, and the change was divinely wrought in me by the Author of my being, bringing me into a new atmosphere of perfect harmony with Himself, His purpose and plans, and equipping me to do what was utterly impossible for me to do before.

We were living at the Hotel Portsmouth, because it was within half a block of the First M. E. Church, where the Annual Conference was to be held. Although my wife had been seriously ill for some time, she hoped to be able to attend the conference, especially the Sacramental Service; but the morning conference opened she was not able to leave her room. Although greatly disappointed, she said to

me in a most pleasant way, "I am resting comfortably, and will not need you for awhile. Go to the church, but don't be gone too long." I returned in about an hour, and when I opened the door, her face was beaming with smiles. She said, "I have had my sacrament." Then she read to me the following verses which she had written while I was attending the Sacramental Service.—A. H. G.

CONFERENCE SACRAMENTAL HOUR

While others round Thy table meet
My couch becomes my mercy seat;
Break Thou for me communion bread,
Thy blessings rest upon my head.

I feel Thy presence round me shine
While I partake of heavenly wine,
No other guest I now would greet,
No other fellowship so sweet.

A smile from Thy most blessed face
Doth from our lives all care erase;
May every heart with joy abound,
While now Thy Spirit hovers round.

On bishop, elders, pastors,—all
May heaven's richest blessings fall;
And while Thy servants gather there
I'll spend my time with Thee in prayer.

O work in me Thy will divine,
E'en though shut in I'll not repine;
I consecrate to Thee my all,
And wait to hear Thy Spirit's call.

Thou art my teacher, helper, guide,
Beneath Thy shadow I'll abide;
Thy child I am and Thine alone,
I have no will outside Thine own.

I now do feel Thy touch, dear Lord,
While thus we dwell in sweet accord;
I thank Thee for this quiet hour,
O gird us all with heavenly power.

(This was God's recompense to her for the disappointment.)

The poem "God's Ravens" had its inspiration in the following incident. Mother Owen was an aged widow living with her daughter, who was also a widow, afflicted with cancer, and who had three small children. Their only support was what this afflicted mother could earn by doing some light work. Mrs. Gunnell had heard of this distressed family, and although herself an invalid for months, was deeply impressed that they were in immediate need. She sought guidance of her Counsellor, and soon two sisters called. She told them of her impressions. They immediately procured some supplies and started to visit the family. As they neared the house they heard the aged saint praying, and telling the Lord of their present needs. Imagine how she felt when, at the close of her prayer, she heard a rap on the door and, when she opened the door, there stood the two ladies with some of the supplies, and soon others were brought by the grocer's wagon. The visitors found this family destitute, and in a few minutes after they reported to Mrs. Gunnell the poem was written.

God's RAVENS

An aged mother knelt in prayer,
So deeply burdened with her care;
She prayed with an intense desire,
And of her Lord she did inquire:

Of how the hungry could be fed,
And while she prayed, the Spirit led
Two sisters to this humble home,
And found them hungry, sad and alone.

Not empty handed went they there,
The Lord had heard her earnest prayer;
And He did send that very hour
Supplies of fuel, meat and flour.

That household then just numbered five,
And God had kept this saint alive,
A witness to His watchful care,
And also to the power of prayer.

God's listening ear this saint did gain,
Her offered prayer was not in vain;
Two ravens from the praying band
Put meat in Mother Owen's hand.

Grandmother, children, daughter dear,
Welcomed these guests as they drew near;
The "In-as-much" and "Unto me"
We gain through human sympathy.

A helping hand we all may lend,
May God some other ravens send,
And when each day we kneel to pray
May we His answering voice obey.

* * * * *

Sept. 26, 1907.

THE PROMISED GUEST

The coming of a heavenly guest
I hear, feel within my breast,
Just as from heaven there came a sound,
'Tis thus I feel I'm heavenward bound.

This guest doth here Christ's work assume,
And first appeared in "Upper Room";
He cometh from the throne above,
And fills the soul with perfect love.

He tells me that my Lord doth wait,
Unlocks for me the pearly gate;
This message fills me with delight,
For soon from earth I'll take my flight.

With rapture that new home I view,
Where's no decay, all's bright and new;
Garments of praise I then shall wear,
When I ascend the golden stair.

My Shepherd climbs the stairs with me,
He opens the door, He bears the key;
While wading through the waters deep
He soothes His trusting child to sleep.

I calmly wait and bide my time,
Since now I know that Christ is mine;
The object of my greatest love
Doth dwell up there in heaven above.

I've seen the Father and the Son,
The Advocate—the holy One;
The Holy Ghost did Him reveal,
This Guest since then has been my seal.

The jingling of the golden bells
On priestly robes a story tells;
The Holy Ghost—the witness gives,
That our High Priest in heaven lives.

* * * * *

COMPANION WITH JESUS

No message is to me more sweet
Than that I hear at Jesus' feet;
Oh that I could to you unfold
The half that hath to me been sold.

But I've no language to express
The rest of soul I now possess;
I walk with Jesus by my side,
And trust in Him, my faithful Guide.

I ramble through the pastures green,
But ne'er can tell all I have seen;
He talks of peace, and rest, and home,
Oh how I love these paths to roam!

By faith I view my home above,
The dwelling place of Him I love;
Oh how my heart does burn within
When on this holy mount I've been.

The verses above were written at 10 p. m., Thursday, October 10, 1907, while waves of glory o'er me rolled. Praise His dear name!

* * * * *

THE SOUL'S TRAGEDY

I felt the stirrings of the Spirit very much the same as I felt the coming of the Refining Fire. My soul was stirred within me. My guest named himself.

Hushed be every voice around me
Who His presence has denied,
Spirit of the lowly Jesus
Walks the earth and pleads in vain
For the ransomed of the slain;
Heed the pleadings of the Spirit,
Oh ye souls for whom Christ died;
How He yearns to give the message
That you've barred without the door;
Heed the call, ye saints and sinners,
E'er the season long is past;
Thou has barred from out thy presence
Thy star of hope—at last!

* * * * *

I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

The mists that gather into clouds
The king of day in darkness shrouds,
So doubt and sin can quench the light
Until we're left in endless night.

The sun with all his strength and power
Is shining o'er us every hour;
Just so Christ's love with warmest ray
Can change the darkness into day.

No doubt should e'er affect our life,
Or ever cause us inward strife,
For just behind the thickest veil
A light doth shine that will not fail.

He's beaming on us all the while,
The clouds dissolve beneath His smile;
One shaft of this great Orb so bright
Will chase the darkness from the night.

The Christian's light becomes more clear,
As to his goal he draweth near;
God's glory all this place illumines,
Sun, moon and stars their light consumes.

* * * * *

As I was preparing to go to church this morning, the following message was given to me by the Holy Spirit for my pastor:

Go forth, the sacred Word declare,
Go in the meekness of our Lord,
Go filled with love,
Go filled with prayer,
That you His holy joys may share;
Breathe upon Thy people, Lord,
Thy melting love, Thy love divine,
That in the stillness of this hour,
This hour of prayer,
This hour of peace,
The tabernacle of the soul
Be filled with peace—Thy peace.

* * * * *

THE REST OF ASSURANCE

“ ‘Tis finished, yes the race is won,
The battle’s fought, the victory won,”
Christ’s Spirit woke my ear to hear
This song that drives away all fear.

’Twas in the night the message came,
My victory through Christ I claim;
And if my body sinks and dies,
I feel I will in Him arise.

I’ll tarry here if ’tis His will,
I have His blessed “Peace be still”;
But heaven becomes to me more dear,
I sometimes feel my change is near.

Weep not for me, God knoweth best,
He calls me to a life of rest;
This house of clay I’ll leave behind,
Immortal body there I’ll find.

* * * * *

TITHING

Tithings of all that we possess
Will aid the many in distress;
We freely have of God received
That others’ wants may be relieved.

When shopping in some crowded store
I hear a cry from heathen shore;
Can I not put some tithe aside,
That weeping eyes may there be dried?

When poring over that new book
Do you not see a hungry look
Of widow, orphan, stricken saint,
Who of your wealth is not acquaint?

A tithe of time and thought as well
Would for your Lord and Master tell;
Exquisite roses pure and fair
I've known to drive away some care.

A grateful, generous, eager heart
Will gladly with some tithings part;
A tithing of what we possess
Relieves the many in distress.

* * * * *

Heard a sermon today about the Syrophonicean Woman. Took notes and after dinner arranged the notes into the following verses:

Our Lord did seek to be alone,
A light from out the darkness shone,
A mother coming with her child.
"What is that cry, that look so wild?"

"My child in torments sore doth live;
Thou Son of David, oh forgive!
O bid this evil one depart!"
The mother cried with breaking heart.

The Lord did answer not a word;
She looked and wondered if He heard;
Prostrate before her Lord she fell,
"Oh hear me Lord, then all is well."

It was by faith her tears were dried,
'Twas not in vain the mother cried;
Although they sought to cast away,
This mother did not cease to pray.

"The crumbs, yes crumbs, O Lord, I'll take,
But oh these bands of Satan break;
True, Lord, we've broken Thy commands,
But yield, oh yield to our demands!"

Through faith the Lord did hear her call,
He thus doth rest us one and all;
Prayer is the key that opes the way,
By faith low at His feet we'd stay.

Yes, if we will on Christ lay hold,
In spite of man or demons bold,
Stand firm and trample all our pride,
From us He will no secret hide.

Before your Lord and Master fall,
Commit your child, your life and all;
Come all who are by sin possessed,
My Lord will give you peace and rest.

* * * * *

Written on the train while returning from the last visit to my mother :

Creation's beauties everywhere
Should wake in man both praise and prayer;
How can a soul these beauties see
And not give praises unto Thee?

Rocks, hills and dells God's wonders tell,
Oh how they cause my heart to swell;
The harvest ripe, a joyous sight,
Brings lessons and fills with delight.

The sheaves of wheat their story tell,
Of how they did their life work well;
They ripened into golden grain,
They did not live their lives in vain.

This mute and silent voice I hear,
For this we would not shed a tear;
E'en ripened into wheat at last,
Its useful time is not yet past.

Some lives seem to be lived in vain,
They did not yield to Jesus' reign;
They thwart the purposes of God,
Who could transform a human clod.

The grazing herds upon the hills,
Beneath I hear the laughing rills;
All nature doth such joy impart,
I feel a swelling in my heart.

Rare beauties doth my eyes behold,
Where'er I look new scenes unfold;
I lift my heart and cry to Thee,
"Was all this beauty made for me?"

I thank Thee for these beauties rare,
And for my mansion over there;
My heart doth now so swell with love,
I feel Thy touch, O heavenly Dove!

I'm dwelling on the mountain top,
Oh that this train would only stop;
I'd bow myself e'en to the ground
And praise the Savior I have found.

Which verse applies to you?

* * * * *

PRAYER

Could we but know the power of prayer
We'd not be burdened with a care;
There is a prayer that doth prevail,
Let us the method here unveil.

In 12th of Acts we plainly see
How earnest prayer brought liberty;
But unto God the prayer was made,
On Him alone the heart was staid.

Conscious approach we all must feel,
Your heart from self and world must steal;
We e'en must feel Him bending o'er
Must fill our hearts with heavenly lore.

Unless His listening ear we gain
Our offered prayer will be in vain;
The mind, when wandering here and there,
Cannot commune with Him in prayer.

We oft like parrot pray to God,
And oft are naught but sleeping clod;
A drowsy, listless, loathful prayer
Will not ascend to regions fair.

But in the Spirit we must pray,
The answering voice we must obey;
It is the slothfulness of man
That always thwarts our Master's plan.

Could we be sleepless in our prayer
We'd ne'er be burdened with a care;
Our Father doth this way appoint
Our weary heads and hearts anoint.

The secret of our every lack—
We've switched from the appointed track;
We leave the Word and tables serve,
'Tis on this worldly track we swerve.

We first must gain His listening ear,
Approach our Lord without a fear;
And then with an intense desire,
According to His will inquire.

The Holy Ghost our guide must be,
He helpeth our infirmity;
'Tis only through the Spirit's power
That God attends our quiet hour.

* * * * *

SALVATION—PROPHESY—ANTICIPATION

April 3, 1707, 1:45 a. m. I awoke at this hour in an ecstasy of soul, and a song of praise was welling up and struggling for expression. I turned on the light, and wrote the following lines:

In sin and fear I once did roam,
And I was far away from home;
Then Thou didst rescue me from death,
And saved from Satan's poisonous breath;
Thou lead'st me in the one safe way,
Where I would ever with Thee stay;
To loftier heights with Thee I climb,
And find the atmosphere sublime;
While dwelling in these heights above
I'm filled with peace and joy and love;
I meet my Savior face to face,
Receive His gifts—amazing grace!

A wondrous change there soon will be,
Death swallowed up in victory;
Changed in the twinkling of an eye,
Like lightning's flash across the sky,
All enemies beneath our feet,
Our loved and lost again will meet;
This mortal shall no longer be,
Instead, 'tis immortality.

With loud acclaim, oh how I'll sing
How Christ annointed me a king;
Made kings and priests unto our God,
How once in pain this earth He trod;
"I've purged away the dress," saith He,
"Will Alpha and Omega be;
From the beginning to the end,
Yea I have ever been thy friend";
We'll sing, "Worthy the Lamb once slain,
But now is risen and lives again;
Worthy of honor and of power,
Of highest praise, yes every hour;
To Him who bought us with His blood,
And saved us from death's deepening flood;
Both glory, honor, now and then,
World without end, Amen! Amen!"

* * * * *

JOYFUL SERVICE

The hidden fountains of my soul
Are opened now and onward roll
 In streams of love
 To God above—
And also to all human kind,
For God's image in them I find.

The faintest whisper of His voice
I hear, obey, and then rejoice.
 And oh how He
 Just talks to me,
He's near enough that I can see
His purpose in thus saving me.

To some His message I may bear,
When others called they did not care.
 God speaks through me,
 And then they see
Themselves as lost and rushing fast
Away from God to doom at last.

"Can Christ save me, a rebel base,
Whose love I've scorned and shamed His face?"
 To save He came
 And write His name
In lines of love upon your heart,
Eternal life to you impart.

"For God so loved the world He gave
His Son to die and sinners save."

 Oh happy day
 I've found the way
To Christ through this His faithful child,
Only a witness meek and mild.

* * * * *

AN EASTER SONG

The morning stars are singing again,
'Tis like the chant of a great Amen;
Our Savior lay in a borrowed tomb
For three days—then 'twas an empty room.

Come see the sad, and the drooping head,
Was it for me that the Savior bled?
What mean those angels all robed in white?
Hasten and see! such a wondrous sight!

She was so startled she could not speak,
The angel said, "For whom dost thou seek?"
Your Christ is risen, is risen today!"
She runs and tells what the angels say.

The same command is for all to tell,
That Christ is risen and for all 'tis well;
That as He rose, so we too shall rise,
And live with Him far above the skies.

And robes of white we also may wear
When we've ascended the golden stair;
And thus we're joined to the life above,
Eternal life—by a Savior's love.

* * * * *

NOW AND THEN

I'll never clasp that Master hand
 While here on earth I stay,
But in that bright and fairer land
 I'll be with Him for aye.

And while on land and sea I ride,
 And look with longing eye,
My Jesus says "Be satisfied,
 You'll anchor bye and bye.

To think that under darkened sky
I can His blessings see;
What shall it be when bye and bye
At home with Him I'll be?

When in His likeness I awake,
The One who died for me,
From grave He will my body take,
And glorified I'll be.

Then His dear name I'll praise and sing,
His honor I'll proclaim;
With heaven's choir the anthem sing
"All hail to Jesus' name"!

He left a throne, to earth He came,
He bore the cross instead;
To us He gave the richest name,
His name upon our head.

For chosen names that's written down,
In book of life so fair,
He has for each a starry crown.
Is your name written there?

CHAPTER IV

A SOUL AWAKENING

My childhood spent upon the farm
Was free from care and filled with charm;
A stately house beside a stream—
I close my eyes, and waking, dream

Of meadows, orchards, melon patch,
And little chicks, as they would hatch,
Of barn-yard, fowls, and lowing herds,
The playful lamb and singing mirds,

The bucket as it rose and fell
By turning windlass of the well,
The gentle horses we would ride,
And hay stacks where we used to hide,

The pasture, with its winding creek,
Where minnows play at hide and seek.
We'd hunt for eggs of goose and duck,
And four-leaf clover for good luck.

The cider press, and old can mill.
The boiling pan with juice we'd fill,
We'd gather cane stalks from the ground
And drive the horses round and round.

The stirring off—My! this was fine;
The neighbors would to this incline;
The pan removed from furnace heat,
With wooden spoon we drank the sweet.

The saw-mill, and the logging time,
The cherry-trees we used to climb,
Pear, Peach, and apple trees in bloom—
Their fragrance sweet fills every room.

The sleighs, express, and buggies fine,
The horses how their coats would shine,
And oh, the jingle of the bells—
Of happy days their music tells.

The morning glories blue and white
Where honey bees would take delight,
The rhubarb, sage, and currants, too,
In that old garden always grew.

The lilac bush, the locust tree,
The humming bird and bumble bee,
The new-mown hay all stored away,
The music of the horse's neigh;—

The sounds of dinner bell and horn
Which call the men from plowing corn,
The bob-white and the whip-poor-will—
I e'en can hear their voices still.

The mingling song of brook and bird—
No sweeter sounds I since have heard.
I close my ears, and yet can hear
Those homely sounds that were so dear.

The cattle grazing in the fields,
The wild flowers which the meadow yields—
The long steep hill where grows the pine,
And yellow pumpkin on the vine.

Those Indian mounds we had to pass
To quails' nest hidden in the grass,—
The foot log and the cat-vsh hole
Where oft we went with line and pole;—

Our old school house in clearing stood—
A lonely building in the wood;—
The spring where we'd lie down to drink
And gather mosses from it's brink;—

That charming sight of ice and sleet
Where bending boughs and ground would meet
We'd leave our impress in the snow
As homeward from this school we go;—

The fireplace with it's long black crane,
Where grandma sat with crooked cane,
And those old and-irons black and bold;—
A crackling fire,—a night so cold,

The flickering flames ascending high,
With dog and kitten sleeping by,
While mother knits and father reads
The children play with dolls and beads.

And then the cellar full to brim
With boxes, barrels, nice and trim,
The bellfleur, russet, rambeaus bright,
All stored away for winter's night;—

Walnuts, chestnuts, hickory,—My!
And sometimes milk and pumpkin pie,
Or, all would lay our work aside
And “blackman” play or thimble hide.

When tired out with evening play
In sleepy tones we then would say—
“Come, put us in our trundle bed,
Our prayers already have been said.”

The harvest and the threshing time
When mother's table looked so fine,—
The little banquet on the side
In which we children took such pride.

Father as he would stately tread
With bushel basket on his head,
And in this basket you would see
Two little girls all filled with glee.

And oh, how he enjoyed our fun
When 'round the apple tree we'd run;
Or as we climbed upon his knee,
One horse for sister, one for me.

Oh yes, the smoke house—filled with meat,
With hams, and bacon nice and sweet,—
The red corn-cob—the moistened eye—
And smoke that made us seem to cry.

“Come boys!” was father's morning call.
'Round family altar gathered all—
Breakfast, mother would put aside
Low at the cross all faces hide.

The farm hands at this altar met,
Their eyes with tears were often wet;
They felt the love, paternal care
That welled from father's simple prayer.

Father was generous,—big of heart—
Giving with him became an art;
Our house was called the preacher's home—
O'er this old farm they loved to roam.

That "Prophet's chamber" I can see—
A sacred place it seemed to me.
Softly I would ascend these stairs,
And somehow feel like saying prayers.

Darling mother,—I see her now—
With patience written on her brow.
By kisses she would wake from sleep,
And pray that God her child would keep.

She yet doth linger in this land,
But soon she'll cross the golden strand;
Sweet cherubs from the realms of light
Are beckoning to that home so bright.

My mother dear, we'll meet you there,
As incense doth ascend your prayer;
Arrayed in white, I'll you behold,
Safe sheltered in our Master's fold.

My guardian angel will you be
When you have crossed the crystal sea?
About my earthly life entwine,
E'en through the gates thy life will shine.

Oh take me back to that old home
'Round which my childish feet did roam;
Verandas long and benches wide—
On moonlight nights this was our pride.

Dear mother in her rocking chair—
A picture so divinely fair,—
The farm hands with the harp and flute,
And, oh the song within the lute.

Oh home, sweet home of days gone by!
Thy passing draws from me a sigh.
Father has gone to heaven's shore,
And that old house—it stands no more.

My parents sought God's steps to tread,
Their children to the altar led;
The neighbors oft would gather there
To join with us in song and prayer.

A flaxen head beneath the stand
Would sing "Oh come my angel band".
My simple trust was so sincere
I thought the angels sure would hear.

The minister of God did say,
When first he saw this child who lay
An infant on her mother's breast,
Like nestling bird in sheltered nest—

That she was born inside the gates
And would not long for earth's playmates.
In after years this prophecy
One day my mother told to me.

And then I knew the reason why
My childhood friends I would pass by,
While they were all absorbed in play
My thoughts took wings and flew away.

To regions where the angels dwell,
Who stories sweet to me would tell;
But richer far than spoken word
The heavenly harmonies I heard.

These rhythmic melodies so grand
No trifling soul can understand;
And what was then to me unrolled
Surpassed earth's best a thousand fold.

Nay, nay, the greatest master mind
No earthly chords for these can find.
My youthful soul was set on fire
With music from this heavenly choir.

Before I touched the ivory keys
My fancy fingers sounded these.
To reproduce this matchless strain
I've ever tried but all in vain.

Not sounds alone but visions bright
Of beings clothed in mystic light
Who through a fiery furnace passed,
One form of which there held me fast.

"Oh joy!" my youthful soul would cry,
"Would Jesus walk with such as I?"
These visions were so real to me
That I would sing, "I see, I see."

My senses closed to time and space,
I seemed to meet Him face to face;
His presence did around me shine,
And then I felt that He was mine.

"Twas then my blessed Lord did call—
"Come, consecrate to me thy all."
He woke my youthful ear to hear
The word that filled my heart with cheer.

What does it mean that I should be
Unlike my own that live with me?
Between two worlds I seemed to live,
The unseen realm most joys would give.

If in my heart some wish would spring
"Oh angels, bring to me I'd sing."
A joy supreme then to me came;
No words have I to tell the same.

I oft would lift my heart in prayer
When on some face I'd see a care—
"Oh Master, is there not some plan
By which to help our fellow man?"

The angels then to me would bring
The messages from heaven's King.
But now He speaks direct to me;
Unveiled His face that I might see.

The one I *then* thought far away
Has closer come,—and come to stay.
He who in dreams did then appear
Is real now, and, ho so dear.

While many years have come between
Those visions first and later seen,
Where oft I did not understand,
I *now* can see His guiding hand.

By fortune's change, at early age,
Was forced to earn a meager wage.
Music, the idol of my heart,
Of my young heart became a part.

For orchestra or church or hall
I seldom turned away a call;
And seeking pupils, I would ask—
“Dear Father,—help me in my task.”

Since parents' wish to them denied
By my own hands, my wants supplied.
By teaching music I was led
To college, where my soul was fed.

From college halls in eighty three
I came away, a bride to be.
A pastor's wife,—my chosen lot,
To me hath many blessings brought.

In Sabbath school I oft would tell
The truths in youth I loved so well.
My highest aim and wish to win
A soul for Christ from guilt and sin.

My life was filled with many cares;
I scarce had time to say my prayers.
The burden of the choir I bore
Until I scarce could do no more.

I overtaxed the strength He gave
In vainly striving to be brave
And long I lay on bed of pain
Trying my vigor to regain.

Our failures e'en doth work for good.
His leadings oft misunderstood,
In love the chastisement did fall
That I might hear the Master's call.

No middle ground our souls can take;
With worldly idols we must break.
A cord or thread may hold us down,
But even this will steal our crown.

Music, the choice of early life,
Became the cause of heavenly strife.
An idol it became to me,
My choice and God's did not agree.

I did by this our coffers fill
Which oftentimes were low in till.
He saw this could not satisfy,
Nor did He wish to pass me by.

And when I prayed for my own way
My blessed Lord would say me "Nay".
Since then, I've learned that it is best
For Jesus' orders, wait and rest.

I now do kiss the chastening rod
And yield to Thee, my Lord, my God,
Thy will, oh Lord, I would but know—
Choose Thou the path that I should go.

I rested in His love and care
And spent my wakeful hours in prayer.
I pledged a new life to begin
If He would make me pure within.

While friends did pray my life to save
He heard and snatched me from the grave.
Amazed before His love I stand,
That still I linger in this land.

For just as soon as I was out
I turned my reas'ning round about,
A few more years, then I would be
Just what my Lord required of me.

How patiently my Lord did wait
While I was trifling with my fate.
I turned away the offered cup;
My will again was springing up.

He showed me glimpses of His reign
E'en while I lay on beds of pain.
But still I lived on middle ground,
And lost the precious joy I'd found.

My Savior seemed to leave me there.
When earnestly I called in prayer
The heav'ns above me seemed as brass,
I cried, Alas! Alas! Alas!

I sought Him every day and night,
"Return, with all thy blessed light."
I'll give to Thee my life, my all,
To hear again Thy Spirit's call.

Come and abide with me I pray,
From things of earth I'll turn away,
An empty vessel let me be,
Set free, and set apart for Thee.

I'll give to Thee my strength and time,
Oh; let me feel Thy joy sublime;
Reveal Thyself, and take my will;
My hungry heart, blest Spirit, fill.

I find this world can't satisfy,
More lonely every hour am I;
My heart now craves for nought but Thee,
O come, my Lord, abide with me.

His spirit I had grieved away
Because His voice I'd not obey.
How oft He warned me of the right
And talked to me e'en day and night.

My mind would wander from the book
While through the promises I'd look;
Thought oft I'd read them through and through,
But from them all His spirit flew.

For purity my heart did long,—
This was the burden of my song—
It was for cleansing that I craved,
I still did feel my heart depraved.

I often would in faces trace
A joy my soul longed to embrace.
That they knew God as I did not
Caused many a battle to be fought.

I sank beneath my load of care,
My life was one continuous prayer.
I am so hungry for His love,—
Come, come to me, oh heavenly dove!

Mould as Thou wilt this passive clay,
From Thee I never more will stray;
Let me behold Thy face in love,
And feel Thy kindlings from above.

My pitying cry came to His ear,
He gently wiped away my tear,
He listened as my friends did plead,
And heard me in my hour of need.

Unceasing prayer has reached His throne,
For every sin He does atone.
Praise God! I know myself His child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.

The heavens are no longer brass,
My lonely life on earth is passed,
The Bible is my daily bread,
On every page new light is shed.

His spirit is my teacher now,
He has unlocked my furrowed brow,
His blessed light shines bright within
Since with this teacher I have been.

Nothing I ask or want beside
But that He may in me abide;
This day His covenant I sign
And dare, oh Lord, to call Thee mine.

My cup since then doth overflow,
Such joy we have when Him we know.
His spirit now my life illumines,
Follies of earth His love consumes.

My blinded eyes were made to see
His will and purposes in me;
A holy calm pervades my life,
I'm free from sinwardness and strife.

His willing servant, but without boast,
Go when and where He needs me most;
My message is no studied phrase,
I simply trust and shout His praise.

The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
My Lord is seen by mortal eye;
My Savior then unveiled His face
To me, the weakest of the race.

'Twas thus He came to me one night,—
I waked and saw a vision bright;
Before my eyes a cross arose,
From which sin's cleansing stream still flows.

What means this vision I behold?
My Lord, my Christ, my love of old.
Now nothing in my hand I bring,
But to the precious cross I cling.

The beams of that most blessed face
Now in my life each hour I trace,
And visions of prophetic power
Are dawning on me hour by hour.

While life and thought and being last
My days of praise will ne'er be past;
The world holds now no charm for me,
My will is swallowed up in Thee.

Pure gems of thought like treasures rare
Now fill my mind instead of care.
Praise God, I've tasted heavenly wine,
I'll ever at Thy table dine.

Foll'wing this vision of the night
I felt His wondrous power and might.
My pentecostal hour did bring
The gifts of which I now do sing.

The blessed Book these gifts unfold,
They were to us by prophets told;
How first He gave the gift of love,
Then others followed from above.

When I believed, the witness came,
Although my prayers were weak and lame.
A soil prepared,—this was my task,
Things came for which I did not ask.

I ne'er before could write in rhyme,
Now rhyme and song take all my time;
A life renewed, transformed, inspired,
God gave me these,—they're not acquired.

Now waves of glory o'er me roll,
The heavenly fire burns in my soul;
My cup since then doth overflow,
So great our joys when Him we know.

Though storms may beat and tempests roar,
The storms within my life are o'er;
The Holy Ghost doth this reveal,
Unbroken rest of soul I feel.

I know to whom I do belong,
My life is now one glad sweet song.
The "Am I His or am I not?"
No doubts, when this great change is wrought.

And since this Guest has come to dwell,
Oh, with what love my heart doth swell,
For neighbors, kindred, friends so dear,
Whose lives are lived in grief and fear.

And some are living in the dark,
A little flint to light the spark;
Lord, let me be—that all may see
Thy perfect will wrought out in me.

Lord, Thou canst still the troubled heart,
Thou wilt, when from earth's toys they part;
To those dear ones, oh let me be
A messenger of peace for Thee.

May every idol be forgot,
With Christ may each one cast his lot.
He leads unerringly and best,
And guides the soul to perfect rest.

May all on our dear Lord believe,
And of this unknown peace receive;
Nothing of earth can satisfy;
By faith, oh to this fountain fly.

This yoke of bondage He will break
If you this offered love will take;
He calls you now to be His bride
And dwell forever by His side.

Be all immersed and lost in love,
And fix your heart on things above.
Unbroken rest of soul He gives
To hearts wherein this blessing lives.

I have new visions of my Lord
While thus we dwell in sweet accord;
My days and hours to Him I give,
In Him I move, in Him I live.

I wasted many precious years
And filled my life with guilty fears—
But since my Savior set me free
His faithful witness will I be.

My every need has been supplied,
Nothing of good has been denied;
I wish for nought, only His will,
My cup with blessings He does fill.

My youthful dreams and visions bright
Appear again enriched with light;
They were the blooms upon life's tree,
Now ripened fruit, that all may see.

Many changes have come in life,
I've known temptation, pain and strife;
One purpose in it all I see,
My will in His, and His in me.

Oh, that we in our early youth
Would grasp this blessed, greatest truth,
Then our whole life early and late
Would all be spent inside the gate.

CHAPTER V

LOST AND FOUND

Praise God, flowers have sprung up in my life, and I have no knowledge of the time when these seeds had been planted there, but they are growing and producing many fold. I pray God that I may have a great harvest of sheaves gathered and garnered, awaiting the coming of our Lord. I was afraid to miss the meeting tonight lest I miss the "Showers of blessing" that

He's scattering now so full and so free,
May they fall now, even now on you and me.

At 3:30 this morning I awoke with the following four lines going on in rhythmic measure through my mind. Jesus, through the Holy Spirit, acknowledged this union with Him :

This union, this union so blest and so sweet,
With this loving message the world I would greet;
This union with Jesus, its price is untold,
'Tis richer than rubies, than silver and gold.

"My Jesus as Thou will
All shall be well for me,
Each changing future scene
I gladly leave with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death
My Lord Thy will be done."

This verse was the burden of my heart before I came into this new life, but now I sing it with a fuller and deeper resignation,

giving all my powers and all my hours into His divine keeping. I am not my own, for I am bought with a great price, and oh how gladly I yield all to Him. He gives me joy for my sadness, and into my heart He pours the oil of gladness. He lifted me out of a lowly place and set me by His side in union with Him. Oh this honor, this priceless honor to be in union with my Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords. It is almost too much joy for me to contain. I would cut all the shore lines and launch out into this ocean of love.

And with Him dwell,
And to Him tell
How He delights my heart,
And has set me apart,
To live in this blessed union with Him.

Was there ever such a friend and lover as Jesus? ? He lifts us out of our sorrows, stays with us constantly, there is such heavenly music in the kindness of His words. He clothes us wtih the robes of His own righteousness, sets a table before us—gives us our daily bread—all here in this life.

To what and where is He leading? Look into His promises. There are heights and depths in His amazing grace which cannot be measured or fathomed.

My life, my joy, and my love are broadening as I go along with Him, oh my Jesus! How gloriouis it is even now and here, but

When I reach my home in the sky,
And when I anchor by and by,
Then a *new* song I will sing,
Hallelujah to my King.

This new wine is almost bursting the bottle now. I know what it is to be intoxicated with the spirit. If I could just now ascend in my chariot, this room would be vacated in the morning, *glory, GLORY, GLORY.*

This vital union is so indescribably entrancing even now—and yet there is something much better than what we experience in this life. “It doth not yet appear what we shall be,” but we are to be like Him who is the source of this supreme joy. With this thought I feel my soul struggling to break from this mortal body and go to God who created it. I thank God for this divine attraction. I feel that I am “In tune with the Infinite,” and respond to messages from heaven. The Master Musician is producing harmonies in my soul.

Oh this something divine is going in waves and billows of peace over and through my being.

"Peace, peace, wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above,
Sweep over my spirit forever I pray
In fathomless billows of love."

After two hours of blessed, restful sleep, I awoke with this verse again going through my mind :

This union, this union so blest and so sweet,
With this loving message the world I would greet ;
This union with Jesus, its price is untold,
'Tis richer than rubies, than silver and gold.

It seems to me that this is the most beautiful oasis in all my life; for God has in this linked my life with His. It shows how Spirit and flesh can live together—the abiding presence within us, "Married to the Lamb". Sweet and wonderful peace while awake, then sweet and refreshing sleep. Yes, "He giveth His beloved sleep." I sink into Thy will. The body is the temple of the Holy Spirit—I will use, but not abuse for Jesus' sake.

Tuesday morning, April 5th. My guide suggested these words as my topic from meditation: "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing give thanks." And later in the day it was brought to my remembrance what at first seemed a disappointment, proved to be the best thing for me, after having "A little talk with Jesus," my Guide. I was led into paths where I was enabled to testify to God's good ness to me, in filling my heart with love and illuimnating my mind. I pray that this may bear much fruit to His glory.

On returning to my room after a shopping expedition, having seen so many things I wanted, I was asking myself whether I was not bieng extravagant—going beyond our means, when this familiar whisper came:

"I will supply all your needs."
I am so happy all day long,
And all my nights are filled with song;
Jesus supplies my every need,
And I'm so happy, yes indeed.

One o'clock a. m., April 6th. I was awakened at this early hour with this question, "Do you think God would create and not supply?"

* * * * *

IF WE BUT KNEW

If this great truth we did but know
That Christ was with us to the end,
As onward through this life we go,
Would hold our hand and be our friend.

How Christ could love a tainted thing
That's dead and evil to the core,
Could love and touch—to life could bring
To live with Him and die no more.

April 6, 1907. In my vision I see a black flag waving over our church. Does this mean a death, dear Lord? Somehow I feel that this portends an event that is coming soon. Someone is nearing the journey's end. If so, may that one be fully prepared and go rejoicing in the Lord.

(Just one year exactly from the date of this vision, namely, April 6, 1908, she lay in her casket in that same church, and the prayer she uttered was most gloriously answered. When her weary feet were sinking in the soft sands at the river side, when her eyes had lost their lustre, and when her tongue was stiffening in death, she managed to say to us—which was almost her last conscious message, "I am bathing in a sea of glory. God is holding me in His arms and His love beams upon me like the love of a tender mother upon her child. I want His highest purposes wrought out in me, whether that be to remain here or go hence, His blessed will be done."

Truly "The secrets of the Lord are with them that fear Him". I believe that God just as certainly talked with this one, as He did with the patriarchs on the plains of Bethlehem. The above is only one of many instances I could relate in proof of this. (A. H. G.)

9:30, April 6th. I read in the Bible that God does reveal himself in visions, and speaks to His people in dreams. He talked with Jacob in Gen. 31:11, and to Solomon in 1st Kings 3:5-11.

Praise His name, He is talking to me both in dreams and also in visions. I know His voice. He led me to one of His children last Tuesday morning. In a vision I saw her hurrying to me with a troubled face, and then He talked to me direct. I intended to phone and inquire if she was ill, but after writing the letter which was dictated by the Holy Spirit, I felt as certain that I must go to her as though a voice had spoken directly to me.

Oh God, Thou knowest I want to be faithful to Thee in all things and my greatest desire is to be kept an empty vessel that Thou canst use me! I pray that those to whom I have been led to write may realize that the message is from God through me.

This is the letter referred to above:

Dear Sister:

God is leading me in a wonderful way,
Heed, oh heed the message He is sending, I pray,
To you the message is "Quench not the shout of praise."
If this was suppressed, the stones their voices would raise.

Since God hath need for vessels which He can use
Ours the honor to be used, but not to choose,
To you I will come, knowing not what I may find,
For in some things He commands at the time I'm blind.

So when God speaks to me,—and His voice I know—
And where He directs I am willing to go,
For me 'tis enough to know that He is my guide,
For I'm safe from all danger while He's at my side.

Have just returned from the place where I was directed to make the visit, and to the one to whom those verses were sent. While there God most wonderfully revealed Himself to me and to her. Before I had finishd reading the message which was given to me early that morning there was a wonderful manifestation from the Lord—the room as well as ourselves was filled with the divine presence and power. He possessed me so entirely that I lay upon the floor for perhaps an hour. The dear sister wrote the words which I uttered from time to time, which I afterwards put into these lines:

Write, write, dear sister,
With me there is no pain.
That which I see is bright,
Like some effulgent light.
'Tis shining from afar,
E'en through the gates ajar,
From that beautiful shore,
Some one is beinding o'er.

(At this point, I remember feeling that the divine glory was so overpowering I felt I could bear no more.)

My Lover I implore
Just now, no more, no more.
Again you soon will come,
And then you'll take me home.
We'll gather at Thy feet
And loved ones there we'll greet,
And then with them we'll shine
Like Thee with love divine.
Forever then we'll be
Forever, yes, with Thee.
But here we'll wait awhile,
Wait, basking in Thy smile;
And since this is Thy will,
We would Thy choice fulfill.

Oh, this is rest, sweet rest,
Of all I know the best;
My heart is all aglow
With heaven's overflow;
I hear the heavenly choir,
Each day I'm rising higher,
From earth where once He trod,
Up to the throne of God.

After returning to my room I had a beautiful restful sleep, and when I awoke I was absorbed in reflection. Lord, I wonder what Thou hast for me to do, and why I was thus used this morning? These wonderful times of rejoicing have heretofore foretold some trial ahead, or this may have been for the purpose of revealing to that dear one how Thou art possessing and using me. To Thee be all the glory, both now and forever, Amen!

Dear reader: When you are reading these pages will you stop long enough to look up and read the following references:

Jno. 3-11	Proverbs 10-11
" 6-26-27	18-4
" 6-26-27	Psa. 37-40
" 14-26	Matt. 12-3
" 16-16	1st John 3-24
" 7-37-40	

Praise Thy name, dear Lord, for Thy wonderful revelations and manifestations to me tonight. Help me to carry these truths to completion, for we understand this scripture as never before, and know in a peculiar way of this satisfying portion. May I be worthy of Thy love and benefits. I would rather study Thy word and meditate upon Thy truth as manifested and illustrated in my own life than to eat or sleep.

That familiar voice whispers, "You know me now, and know that your God is a satisfying portion." Oh yes, dear Jesus! How much I have been shutting out of my life all these years! Oh, help me to be a help and light to others!

"Why do we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys?
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys."

Praise God I have found the new and better way, but not until my life is far spent.

Help me to cry aloud,
To point the better way,
Be Thou my guide, Thy wisdom lend.

It seems to me that I have had a very narrow idea of God all my life until now. I had held to the idea that "He was a present help in time of trouble," but never realized so fully that He also is a present help in our joys as well. Yes, He is the source of all joy. I see now that He both inspires and satisfies every pure desire of the child He creates. He means "to withhold no good from those who walk uprightly". I understand now what it is to walk with Jesus, and with this realization what different beings we would be.

Dwelling with such companionship continually we become elevated in thought, more dignified in bearing and live toward Thee in such an attitude that we are not ashamed to look Thee in the face. We can lift our voices and talk with Thee at any time. "Thou art not a God that is afar off," but closer than any earthly friend.

Oh, that all could realize this truth! Many are shutting the vital spark out of their lives. They are *dead* and don't know it. My Jesus, help me to reflect Thy life and truth in such a way that there will come such a hungering and thirsting for this living bread and water that people may forget everything else until they find Thee to the satisfaction of their spirits.

"I'm at the fountain drinking,"
"I'm believing and receiving,"
All my treasures are above,
Also all my song is love.

Vital union with Jesus! Our wills melted and blended into His. Can anything be nearer than that? Spirit and flesh united into one is what is signified by His indwelling presence,—Temples of the Holy Ghost. When we absorb His love it will radiate in our faces, lives and actions. Looking at it from this standpoint how few are living likeness of the divine One. And oh how He yearns to manifest Himself in all His fullness!

"Oh keep Him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in."

How many have heard this knock, and really thought they wanted Him to come in, but did not feel that He entered? Did you ever stop to think that the reason why He did not enter was because there was no room for Him? Your life was filled up with other things. You must first be made an empty vessel, when you can truly say to God and not to yourself, "Thy will, not mine be

done." There must be a thorough housecleaning and when all the old furniture, even from garret to cellar, has been replaced with new, you will find that you will have a guest who delights to abide. But you must not dictate. Keep saying over and over—weigh every word and mean it—"Thy will, Thy will, Thy will, dear Lord, be done." When the surrender of self is complete you will soon begin to feel so happy, so light and free. You will love everybody, and you will feel that they love you. Songs of joy will come spontaneously into your life. Old things will pass away and you will find yourself "a new creature".

Your burdens will be lifted and you will be so light-hearted that you will want to tell everybody. Well, when you reach this point you are just beginning to live—ready to grow into His likeness. You never think of having to give up anything—all your old life and habits will drop off like leaves from an oak tree in autumn, and you will want to get farther and farther away from your former self, lest it may contaminate your new robes—something so delicious will begin to well up in your life and overflow. This is that "well of water springing up into everlasting life".

"The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but Jehovah shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." (Isa. 60:19.) I claim these blessed promises as direct messages from the Lord. My Bible tonight in a peculiar way attracts me. It seems as my "Pillar of fire". It is a personal message or, better still, a Presence seems enshrouded in these pages. Reveal Thy truths to me, dear Lord! I cannot tear myself from this book tonight. I press it to my heart. I would absorb its contents. It attracts me as a magnet. Interpret the hidden messages, and I will gladly be Thy instrument or agent, through which Thou canst attract others to this mirror of Thy love.

Just awoke and find it is 6:45 a. m. In my dream I had just finished this verse:

Up and about your Father business,
Up—the time is late.
The bread of life to the hungry take,
Up and a record make.

Rhythmic melodies were passing through my mind even in my dreams, but all that I could recall were the four lines above—the meaning and purpose of which was made plain this morning.

I waited in my bed trying to recall some of the messages of the night, but nothing came but "Up and about your Father's business".

I began to feel that something was going to happen—felt hurried—I usually remain in my room writing until eleven o'clock

(when I go to breakfast), but this morning I was strongly impressed that some one was coming, or else I would be called somewhere. This feeling became so strong that I went down to breakfast at eight o'clock. Passing through the hall on my return, I met a lady from the first floor who had come up to enjoy our sunshine. I invited her to my room and she at once told me that her heart was hungering just as mine was—she was doubting that such a satisfying portion, as I had found, could ever come to us while in the flesh. I then told her my experience and gave her one of my "Letters of Prayer". This was the first time that I was led to relate this to anyone in the hotel, except the chamber-maid. Already the leaven has started to work. Oh God, prosper the message. May it accomplish that whereunto it was sent.

I thank God for His guidance this day. I see in my experience of today a prophecy fulfilled where I saw myself in a dream running on errands and overcoming all obstacles.

After the interview with the lady in my room this morning, I took a car for Venice (a nearby beach resort) for an outing, and while sitting on the seashore wrote the poem "The Master Painter".

Venice by the sea, April 8th.

THE MASTER PAINTER

The delicate tints of the earth and sky,
As the shadows now are passing us by,
And the sound of waves, as they lift and roam
Is reminding me I will soon be home.

The song of the birds, and voice of my heart
Doth companionship, peace and joy impart,
And the Author of this beauty so rare
I am longing to see, His wisdom to share.

When these voices blend in music and tone
A beauty proclaims that is all His own,
The delicate blue, and the amethyst hue,
Has all this been made for both me and you?

Oh the beauty, compassion of our Lord,
When voices all blend in sweetest accord.
And the rhythmic beat as the waves roll by
Prompt me to ask the question "Why".

All these beauties rare did He make for man,
And are these a part of the Master's plan?
If so, why do not man and God agree,
And why do not all His creatures thus see?

Are their eyes so blind that they cannot see,
Or was all this beauty made just for me?
My Jesus! I see Thee in earth and sky,
I see Thee in all things passing us by.

I would ride these waves in going to Thee,
And the true essence of Thy beauty see,
But that is reserved for the by and by,
When I am caught up to Thee in the sky.

In that region above the billowy sea
I ever will be and be made like Thee;
Even now I feel He's lifting me higher,
Hallelujah to God! I hear the choir.

Is the sounding sea clapping loud its hands—
And applauding now the angelic bands?
“We'll bear you away on our swiftest wing
To your immortal home,” I hear them sing.

* * * * *

The time's not far away
When I'll go home to stay,
And then with bliss replete,
With saints and loved ones meet,
And gathered 'round the throne,
With Christ and all at home.

Stopping on my return I was enabled to testify to God's dealings with me, to friends who knew nothing of my new life. Previous to this we had never talked on religious subjects, but before I knew it all obstacles were removed, and I was pouring out the experience of my new life to them. On my departure I left with them one of my "Letters". I feel that a new guest enters wherever I am enabled to leave one of these, for they are left "in th Spirit's care".

Before I had mentioned anything about this divine touch on both my body and soul, they remarked how well I looked—had never seen me looking so well. In my former state a busy day like this—and such as I am having every day now—would have tired me all out; but tonight I am not at all weary. He gave me strength according to my need, and truly I was "about His business" all day. Lord, I did the best I could for Thee today.

As I entered my room on returning, my heart rejoiced in the thought that I could be alone with my Lord tonight. There is nothing I could desire more than this,—to be in such union with

Christ. Continuing steadfast with one accord. I take my food with gladness and singleness of heart, as the disciples did in days of old. My heart has been praising God all the day, and He has given me favor with all I have met.

My Father, I thank Thee for the power of the Holy Spirit which Thou dost impart to us (see Acts 1-8), making us witnesses. I know this power was present while I was talking to people today. The expression of their faces and their actions were proof of this. (See Prov. 15-23, Dan. 10-7.)

There is as much difference between a Spirit-filled life and a justified life as the day differs from the night. While living in a state of justification, I had a partial and occasional feast. Now the table is always spread. There is a response to my prayers. Even the desires of my heart, my wishes are anticipated. "Before they call I will answer." Do you marvel at this? God could not do this if I were not in His will. Oh, this union is so sweet! Just to abide in Him. Words are inadequate. There is no language that will accurately express my soul's gratitude for this gift of the Holy Spirit.

The pleading time is past, is past,
Thanksgiving time is come at last;
The dome of brass has been removed,
I have God's precious promise proved.

One whose heart is yearning for more of Christ's love returned with me and tarried awhile. I read her my last night's message, which deeply touched her. After she had gone, and while preparing to retire for the night, my Bible lay open on my table and it seemed to beckon to me. I could not throw off the feeling, so, taking it up, the first words my eyes fell upon were, "Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee" (Isa. 60-1), and as I turned and read the references I feel that Jesus wants me to be diligent in His work now. "Arise!" My bands are loosed, "Here am I, send me," I will run for Thee. Only give me the message and I will go.

All morning the three following messages have been going through my mind like a bell call to duty. They were first given me early one morning, far back in the beginning of my new life:

"Prophets in the days of old
All these wonders hath foretold."

"Come, heed, attend ye saints in heaven, come see a being from earth with powers renewed and made glorious."

"Young woman, I will speak through you as I spake through the prophets of old."

When these three were first given I only wrote two of them in my book. I thought they would apply to anyone, although at the time I felt that the Lord meant me. Oh, what a solemn feeling came over me! I really felt as if I was being viewed or observed by a presence I could not see, and yet I thought it would be egotistical or fanatical to write them down. You see this is the effect of wrong training, or perhaps—what is equally as bad—a lack of training. We are ashamed or hesitate to tell to others the deep things which God reveals to us. But He has made me an empty vessel (emptied of self and of the fear of the opinions of others) and He found these messages which I had hidden away since early in February, and knowing now that I would rather have His will done in me than my own, and ready to ignore all critics for Jesus' sake. He saw that this was the time to bring them forth again to my remembrance. He talked to Abraham, Moses, Samuel, Daniel and many others, and why should He not speak to people now? It is we ourselves who shut Him out. Why did those people's faces blanch yesterday when I was telling them how the Lord revealed Himself to me? Why can we talk so freely and glibly about everything else, but when God's name is mentioned a dumbness falls on us? Oh my Jesus! I can see how revelations, judgments and disasters are necessary to call the attention of people to divine things. They are joined to their idols and the warnings which are given now are soon forgotten. They must have the plagues of Egypt repeated, and the vials of wrath poured out before they will let their idols go. How often was Jesus disappointed in us! He declared that the works He had done, they should do also, and even greater works.

At intervals all through the day this double question has been flitting through my mind: What have I lost, and what have I found?

Lost sin and found my Savior.
Lost loneliness and found His abiding presence.
Lost sorrow and found joy.
Lost fear and found courage in the Lord.
Lost dumbness and found speech.
Lost lukewarmness and found a flame of sacred love.
Lost formal song, and found songs of rejoicings.
Lost a "dying rate" and found a heavenly living rate.
Lost dead talents, and found an illuminated life.
Lost a mere speaking acquaintance—found divine fellowship.
Lost a guess and found a positive witness of my acceptance.
Lost a timid, fearless heart—found victory in Jesus.

What He did for me :

Brought me out of prison,
Gave me a pure heart,
Clothed me with garments of praise,
Gave me His abiding presence,
Fellowship in the Lord,
Songs of rejoicing,
The gift of His love,
The divine anointing,
An illuminated mind,
Ability to speak and write,
Peace with God and all the world,
A clear title to my home over there.

My love song :

With richest love my bosom swells,
And of such joys this love foretells;
The atmosphere is filled with love,
The love that cometh from above;
Oh, come and of its joys partake,
It wil of you new creatures make!

I do not believe that we should grieve for friends who go to be guests of God and walk this earth with mourning veils over our faces. How barren my life would be without the love and companionship of Jesus my Savior!

I love my husband and my dear mother, but I have just as distinct a personal love for Jesus as I have for them.

I'm sinking out of self into Jesus,
I'm cutting loose from earthly cares;
Goodby, goodby, to earth a glad goodby,
He hears, He hears and answers prayers.

What joy have I now while I am waiting,
Biding my time on earthly shore,
Knowing full well that the time of parting
Will be repaid with—part no more.

A returned missionary once said : "Before I went to the foreign field, not knowing anything about the country, I had nothing to say; but having lived there, I hesitate to begin to talk for there was so much to talk about." This is what I find in my new life in Christ. There are new experiences every day, and there is no time or place that affords ample opportunity to tell all that is in our hearts. It is like the flow of an artesian well.

9:30 p. m. A day of sowing and reaping. The seed sown at the Ladies' Praying Band is taking root. Some expressed a desire to meet me in my room because their hearts are hungry for the same experience, and they want to learn more about it. A dear one came with me and we have been closeted together until this hour. Five hours' battle between flesh and Spirit. Oh God, may she heed the day of her visitation!

The Spirit of God within us illuminates, sets us apart for the Master's use. Our wills are lost in His, and the supreme object of life is to please Him. It seems to me the only *anxious* thought I now have is that nothing in myself, my plans, my social relations, etc., etc., may shut God's presence out of my life.

May I abide in Thee each day,
For fellowship with Thee I pray,
From idle words and thoughts be free,
And ever I would dwell with Thee.

This past week I had a disappointment which for a time troubled me. My greatest burden was that this thought of self might prevent God from revealing Himself through me. This was uppermost in my mind most of the day; my constant prayer was, "Let not this shut out Thy presence—reveal Thyself through me."

By the time I returned to my room after dinner I had forgotten all about the annoyance, and I received a double portion of His power and presence at the afternoon meeting, and also while pointing others to Him in my room after the meeting.

This is my heart's supreme desire,
And to this honor I aspire—
That through losing myself in Thee
Others may see Thyself in me.

I seem to have entered a new school, and I find so many things in my text book which conforms to my new life that I have no doubt as to the value of the teaching. I find that the joys are not reserved for the end of the race. "He giveth songs in the night" and all nature responds to this new joy. Gospel songs have a different and sweeter meaning. The preachers seem to bring a new message. There is something new in the Word every time I read it. I drink at a fountain which satisfies. I am intoxicated with this nectar. Old things have passed away and all things have become new. This is no longer a theory, or a common saying, but a glorious fact with me. Praise God for this priceless gift.

My soul was filled to overflowing this afternoon as I saw myself in the Word of God. Zech. 13:8-9, and it shall come to pass, that

in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die, but the third shall be left therein, and I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God.

The speaker said, "The Lord had to put us through a sweating process until all the shring was taken out of us"—I think it has been taken out of me. Has it all been taken out of your life? This is what hinders us from getting into the kingdom. The self in us is what keeps us out. We think the gate is large enough for us to enter, but the fact is it is so small and narrow that all self must be taken out of us before we can pass through this entrance gate to the kingdom. God is calling. We hear His voice. We hear another voice—self—and still another which is Satan. Jesus, yourself and Satan are in conference. You will heed, and decide for one of these three. Oh heed the call of Jesus! Abandon yourself to His will.

When you turn away from sin, selfishness, egotism and your own will and call upon God He will answer, but so long as you try to save yourself, your prayers will not ascend. One said to me this afternoon, "I am up against a stone wall." I soon found out that he would not humble himself enough to go to the altar for prayers. He put his will against Christ's invitation. He admitted that he heard the voice calling him to yield, but he would not. This man was not in a condition to receive anything from the Lord. He must first be melted in the crucible of deep humility. As a refiner of silver sits watching the smelting process, so Jesus sits as a refiner of our souls. He wanted to take the dross out of that man's heart but he would not yield. As long as one holds on to his will or talks back to God, He cannot answer the prayers of such an one. He is not deaf to his cry. It is like a beautiful solo played softly, or a keynote of a beautiful melody, sustained throughout the piece; drowned out by the bass viol, drum and cymbols of an ambitious performer. Just so self shuts out this still small voice that so often pleads with the soul.

This nail-pierced hand and thorn-crowned brow,
Behold, my child, He knocks just now.
Will you arise, unbar the door,
Before you meet on judgment shore?

If not

Then oh the answer you will hear,
When at His bar you must appear,
"Depart from me, I know you not,
I knocked and knocked, you heeded not."

I now see how God has been calling me and trying to refine my soul. He has given me flashes of this divine inspiration all through my life, but I was blinded by this wall of self, which shut out this priceless gift.

In the process of making coins, the gold bullion is first refined —molded into proper shape and stamped, then weighed before it is allowed to leave the U. S. mint. If it is too light, or in any way defective, it must be put back into the furnace.

Our Lord, who is like the inspector of the coins, saw my offerings. They did not meet the requirements and had to be melted over again. But now, praise His holy name, I hear Him say, "Thou art my child," and I answer, Jehovah is my God. I have the witness of the Spirit that I am His. He walks and talks with me and has sealed me His. The kind of sermons and testimonies which formerly made me so uncomfortable now fill me with rejoicing.

As certain kinds of medicine affect a diseased body, but are harmless to a sound one, so this gospel of a sanctified life touches and heals diseased souls. There is nothing left to respond to conviction. The fight is won.

When one has been refined and tried, "weighed in the balance" and stamped with God's image then the way is easy. Worry and hurry have been supplanted by peace and rest. Fightings and fears exchanged for rejoicings and trust.

There is an idea that it is hard to live a Christian life. Nay, not so. When the shrinking process has been finished, and all sin taken out, there is nothing to respond to sin. The contention with sin is over. You do not say, "I ought to read my Bible, I ought to pray, I ought to testify, I ought to speak to that hungry soul." Bless your life, it is your meat and drink to do these things. You would rather be closeted with your Lord, listening to His voice or running on errands of mercy for Him than anything the world could offer. And as to having to give up this or that, all those things you loved and coveted which were harmful just fall away like the chaff when the grain is fully ripe. And whereas, before this refining process was accomplished, you were inclined to walk close to the border and covet some of the things on the other side, now when God has tried and sealed you, you turn your back upon Egypt and want to get as far away as possible. Then you serve in newness of Spirit and not in the oldness of the letter.

Oh precious charm of love untold,
That draws me safe within the fold;
He opes my eyes that I may see
The love He hath revealed in me.

This perfect love casts out all fear,
The want of which makes earth so drear,
A gift from God for those who call,
This prize I've drawn, it is for all.

This face to face and heart to heart fellowship with Christ—this blessed communion with Him! It is this that induces Him to reveal His mind to us. Moses was led to this exalted position step by step. It was then that the Lord appeared to him in the burning bush. This same God of glory appeared to Abraham. These visions led them closer to Him and thus they had a more definite knowledge of Him. Lord, what and who am I? Oh my Jesus, Thou didst reveal Thyself to me by the sign of the cross after which Thou didst reveal Thyself in living form, drawing me to Thee by Thy great love. Lead me as Thou didst Thy servants of old. Have Thy perfect way with me.

God must have been guiding my life, though I knew it not; up to the time of His revealing Himself to me in December, 1906, and preparing me for this, I have been tossed hither and thither—burdened with many cares, so completely occupied that I apparently had no time to myself. But now I am relieved of all this, and it is the only time in my life that I could ever say this. It is all clear to me now. A personal Guide has been directing my life, and preparing me both outwardly and inwardly for this. It is said that the birth of Christ occurred at the most auspicious moment in the world's history for that great event. And so it seems to me that I have arisen in Christ to this newness of life, just at a time when it meant more to me, and when I was in a position to give soul, body, time, talents, possessions all to Him.

It marked just as distinct an epoch in my existence as did my birth into the world. I have crossed the line into a new world, in thought, in affection and in purpose. I never saw myself in the light of eternity before. I seemed to be living for the present, and present gain. Now all is changed. The future has become an all-absorbing theme to me, and I am longing for the coming of the Lord.

While I have felt myself a Christian ever since childhood, never before had I the realization that I was counted one of the chosen of the Lord, but now the Spirit bears witness that I am His. Praise His name!

This has come to me as a gift from God, not through any merit of my own. I did not know what I was being prepared for when my precious Savior was making me hungry for His love.

Oh the long suffering of our heavenly Father! He gave me forty-five years of experience of the things of this world, mingled

with the occasional feasting—just enough of His love and beauty to show me that nothing else in the whole realm of experience could give the satisfaction that His love and presence gives.

He has been wooing me all these years, but I did not reciprocate His love. How much happiness I have shut out of my life. I never knew real happiness before. This life hid with Christ in God is the only satisfying portion.

Oh I thank my heavenly Father that in this crisis of my life when the heavenly vision appeared I was not disobedient, but chose the path of the cross, and as it led me on that night of December 28, 1906, to revelations of Christ as my living Savior, first as a beaming face of love, and second as the glory behind the black cloud. But the knowledge I have of Him now far surpasses even those visions—but still “simply to that cross I cling”.

I must tell my beautiful dream. I saw whirling in the heavens what appeared to be a great white sheet, held by lines suspended from hooks. Lines extended downward toward the earth, in a network were held by little white doves. This was moving along and people were being gathered up at different places. Each person seemed to own his own little birds, and it was wonderful how these little birds no larger than our canaries kept these lines straight. They would rush into houses after their passengers while the sheet was extended and the lines held tight. If the sheet failed to rise—like a kite rises—the passenger was left behind. Two lady friends of mine seemed to be intending to go. One was striving to throw the lines out so it would rise while the little birds were working with her. The other one lay on a bed heavy as iron, and oh the screams of these two little birds as they flew quickly out and left her! It was a scream of fright or pain; I can hear it yet. The people had to be dressed in a certain way—only two garments more would interfere in their manner of travel, for they had to climb up by ropes to be taken on board.

I tell this because it was all pictured before my mind so minutely, and deeply impressed me. When it first appeared it was through a rift in a very black cloud, looking like a white city. As it came on, this cloud rolled away and entirely disappeared and a city of passengers from off our earth was traveling westward. Would that I had a Daniel or Joseph to interpret my dream. I seldom dream, but when I do the dream usually vanishes when I awake, but this remained with me, and were I an artist I would like to paint it, but that cannot be done, neither can it be told. What impressed me most, and almost makes me weep even now, was the actions and screams of those little birds as they flew away from the one they could not lift into the company of travelers.

A belief of the head—and belief of the heart,
Like the poles and equator so widely apart.
Simple faith in our Savior makes title so clear
While the learned ones are struggling with
doubts and with fears.

“Tear down your barns and greater build,
Oh soul eat drink and merry be.”
With thoughts like these men’s minds are filled,
Christ says, “What fools these mortals be.”

The above four lines were given me on first awakening this morning. I could not understand its application, but I found two letters which the clerk had put under my door. One was filled with business of a worldly nature, proposing plans for gain, and I knew the parties to be all absorbed in getting more and more. I immediately felt that the Lord saw danger ahead for that family, and for me too if I would turn aside to give attention to these things. Oh my Father, help us to set our hearts on things above! May we have a sunset to all things earthly and a sunrise of righteousness in our lives. May the central orb of glory so illuminate our path and turn our eyes from things of time to things eternal.

Oh how we grovel here below
Because our Lord we will not know.
We shun the place where Jesus dwells,
The cause of failure is ourselves.

O make us meet for Master’s use,
No more His plans of love refuse.
Our steps are ordered of the Lord,
When found in Him with sweet accord.

We may frustrate the grace of God,
Spoil pattern in this earthly clod;
The vessel be forever marred,
Forever from His presence barred.

Dear Father I thank Thee that Thou goest before to prepare the way. I thank Thee for the strength and wisdom given me this day; for the three who heard the message through me. Meet their every need. Some are hungry to know more of Thee. Some are burdened with worldly and family cares. Lord, snatch that husband as a brand from the burning. Lead the wife into the fullness of Thy love. Satisfy hungry hearts. Help the burdened ever to lean

on Thee. Oh lead me every step of the way! Keep me an empty vessel, for Christ's service. Amen!

* * * * *

A BRIDGE

Some prophets, and some teachers, called,
And some for bridges He installed.
A bridge may mean a life laid down;
Through this is gained a heavenly crown.

In humbleness our safety dwells,
Lift others up—lay low ourselves.
They may not thank, or e'en look back,
For this, do not your duty slack.

The Architect—He knows and cares,
He listens to our humble prayers;
If lives are hid with Christ in God,
They'll tread the path their Savior trod.

The heart is crushed—you feel the slight,
Your faith in God you firmly plight;
Disciple, not above his Lord,
Affliction deep, yet one accord.

A board in floor, a plank in street,
God's servant shall not know defeat;
The bridge was once a shapely tree,
But homely now, we'll all agree.

Shortened may be the journey home,
While over it the thoughtless roam;
Be thou content to be ignored,
That other lives may be restored.

Others may gain though we may lose,
But let us not our pathway choose;
A bridge that suits God's purpose best
Brings everlasting peace and rest.

From the old life into the new
May mean a tunnel to pass through;
But once we've crossed to Canaan's land
No foe can then before us stand.

The bridge that leads from earth to heaven
Spans many a chasm by tempests riven,
But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
Brought beauty out of Aaron's rod.

And when with Him at last we rest
That plank will seem the very best,
For over this so many crossed
That otherwise may have been lost.

CHAPTER VI

DIVINE HEALING

I was an invalid for many years and have been a great sufferer from stomach and bowel trouble. Some of the best physicians that could be found treated my case, but little if any benefit was received, or at least a cure seemed to be impossible, and some told us plainly that there was no known remedy for my ailment.

Although a Christian from childhood and a constant reader and diligent student of the Bible, my mind was not specially directed to the great doctrine of Divine Healing. It now seems so strange to me that I could be a constant reader of the Bible and not be impressed with this great truth, since it occupies such a prominent place in the Scriptures, especially in the teachings of Jesus. Neither can I understand why so many of our devoted ministers are silent on this theme. When the subject was referred to, we would say, "Yes, He is able to do whatever He wishes," and then it was dismissed. How often when one of Christ's miracles of healing is read there is an effort made to draw from it an application to the diseased soul. Since all physical ailments had their origin in the violation of our relation to God, why should it not be reasonable that we would seek a remedy in and through Him? But I am not aiming to discuss this question. My purpose in writing this experience is to state the facts in my own case.

Not until recent years had I ever heard a sermon on the healing of the body, although I have been a constant attendant upon the preaching of the Gospel all my life. While listening to a sermon on God's revelations to the soul after the baptism with the Holy Spirit a strong conviction came upon me that I must not *leave* that church without being anointed for healing. This conviction was directly produced by the Holy Spirit, as the speaker was not preaching on this subject and made no reference to it. So strong was this con-

viction that at the close of the sermon I went directly to the minister, told him of my conviction and asked to be anointed. My request was granted, and when they laid their hands upon me, prayed and anointed me the power of God came upon me so mightily that I shouted aloud His praises. My whole being was filled and thrilled with a glory indescribable.

I felt but little change in my body until the next day, when a peculiar sensation came upon me. Every nerve and muscle in my body seemed to be drawn by a gentle contraction which was not unpleasant. Perhaps this feeling would be better expressed and understood by comparing it to the actions of a piano tuner. While he holds the wrench in his hand and turns the pin—he is testing the wire, and so carefully and gently he draws it up, up, up to the required pitch. This feeling extended all over the body but was more sensibly felt through the abdomen and pelvic region, and especially on either side the places which had given me most pain, and where I have had chronic sores for several years. This gentle pulling would continue for several minutes, then cease for a short time, and then proceed as before. This continued at intervals all through the day and night and the next day—in fact, it continued for several weeks. As the tightening would become more and more intense I seemed to hear the words—"Submit, submit." When the tension ceased my body would relax by jerks, just as a heavy weight is let down irregularly. I have often thought while undergoing this, what must be the pain if an earthly physician would give such heroic treatments where the organs are so tender and sore. The following day my left limb, waist, pelvic region and the sides where the old sores have been so long, were held as if in a plaster cast, and during the night these sores were vigorously worked while the treatment or sensation was in progress. There were three or four vigorous pulls at intervals of from five to ten minutes apart when it seemed that my vital organs were being drawn upward like an ascending elevator that could not be stopped. The same voice spoke again saying, "Submit, submit," and when the climax was reached my body dropped, dropped, dropped like the chords of the descending musical scale, and as it let down, my body was completely relaxed, and oh how rested I was! As I said, the sensation was not unpleasant, but rather pleasant, and while it was an entirely new experience, yet from the first I instinctively said, "The power of the Holy Spirit is upon me, and this comes as the result of my anointing, and in answer to the prayers that were offered for my healing. I made a special effort to be calm in His hands that He might work in and upon my body as was His will."

I am very glad that while these sensations were going on in my body I was impressed to make careful and full notes of this

strange occurrence. They continued until I wrote a full description in detail. There was no thought in my mind at the time as to how and where, or when this description might be used. I simply acted on the impression to make a detailed statement. I remember distinctly that I did not want to offer the slightest resistance, lest I might interrupt the Great Physician in His work. To Him be all the glory, for the glory is and must be with the sculptor and not with the material upon which He works.

The glow, warmth and relaxation I felt after each one of these treatments was quite similar to what one feels after taking a very warm bath. I would feel as if my body had undergone a thorough manipulation. No other physician can get at every nerve and muscle as this Divine Physician can. For nearly three days this first treatment continued at short intervals, and after all this pulling, wrenching and turning, I was not disabled. I felt a slight soreness when I would sit or lie down just as if the muscles had undergone a great strain.

The next day I met an old-time friend on the street, and she inquired after my health, saying that I was looking so well. Just then I felt symptoms of the old disease in my body, but I had the assurance so certainly that I would be healed—as these wonderful manipulations of the healing process were going on even there while we were talking. When she asked "What has cured you?" I did not answer immediately, but a voice must have told her, for she at once answered her own question by asking another, "Was it by Faith?" Then I had my first privilege to testify that it was faith in God. I believed He was doing the work and I was paying no attention to the old symptoms. Could I doubt what was taking place in my body even though the soreness was not yet all gone? It was a *process* of healing—not instantaneous, but it was God who was doing the work.

This process continued for months at intervals, probably one or two manifestations in a day—then at times I would not experience another for several days. And all the time I was growing stronger and stronger, and was able to do many things which I had not dared to attempt to do for years. In a short time, I could walk several blocks without any inconvenience, whereas before this I could not be on my feet even for a few minutes without suffering great pain, and any little extra exertion would lay me up for several days. Oh what a joy one feels when, after long illness, there is felt the thrill of vigor of the life forces coursing through the system.

When I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit the Lord gave me so much to do that it was necessary to have strength to do it. He never commands an impossibility. Back of every command are the reserve forces of the infinite Father. When the Lord sent Moses

to deliver Israel, and lead these millions back to Canaan, He gave him to understand that there were abundant supplies for every need—power to divide the sea—water in the rocks for the thirsty—quails and manna for the hungry—and so on. When Jesus commanded the apostles to go out to preach the gospel of the kingdom and heal the sick, they went forth and when they returned He asked them if they lacked anything, and they said, “Nothing.” They saw, and oh that we could see the same—that their God was abundantly able to supply all their needs.

Well, God gave me messages and showed me that I was to make a record of these. Before this blessing came it was a task to write even a short letter, but when He gave me this new life and also His messages, I could and did write for several hours—day after day and week after week. I was often astonished that I was able to work on so continuously without pain or even fatigue.

I believe I would have been restored to perfect health had I continued to hold to this truth and declare my freedom from sickness. But how easily we are affected from the human side! It was my misfortune to hear some sermons just at this time against divine healing, and also when I tried to tell of the great work done in me, a kind of a restraining hand would be laid upon my joyful heart. There is too much fear and caution holding the main body of the church back from full abandonment to the workings of the Holy Spirit. I would not be censorious, nor try to excuse myself, but in general we are living on too low a plain where the atmosphere is clouded with the miasma of unbelief and this gets into the soul like malaria gets into the body and the chills follow. There are no limits to God's power and His willingness to do for both soul and body, except the limitations which we place upon Him by our doubts, and there is nothing more destructive, and dangerous to a Christian than injecting doubts into the minds of God's children. And, strange as it may seem, we are more prone to limit operations of the Spirit upon the body than with the soul. In relating a part of my experience, one person said, “Are you sure this is of the Lord?” The suggestion of this doubt was the occasion of the greatest spiritual conflict I ever experienced. Beware, oh beware, dear reader, lest you may through these limitations, and by injecting doubts into the mind of one with whom the Spirit of God is working—you may open the gate for the entrance of the Evil One, who is ever ready to thwart God's purposes, and thus be the occasion of a spiritual wreck, and of all the sad wrecks that ever strewed the shores of time or eternity is the wreck of an immortal soul. I know beyond all possibility of doubt that God was at work in my body with this healing process, and recovery seemed to be certain, but the entrance of this doubt caused a relapse, for it is just as possible for one who is

being treated by the Great Physician to have a relapse as it is when being treated by a human physician, for I have had both, and I speak from experience. Never, never can I forget the season of indescribable agony through which I passed, and which was caused by the doubt being injected into my mind, as to the Lord's dealings with me. This will be given in detail in the chapter on Demoniacal Possessions.

I had so far recovered that we decided to return to my childhood home and visit our parents and friends of my youth and the scenes of my husband's early ministry. We had been planning for years to make this trip, but I was such an invalid that our plans from time to time were all thwarted, but now I felt so well that I was sure we could make the trip in safety. We traveled and visited for two months, and what a busy time we had. Our days were often prolonged far into the night, so that I had but little time to rest, and yet my strength kept up, much better than I had hoped. Even on our way home I was writing constantly during the day. Although it was midsummer and quite warm, while crossing the desert I wrote "A Soul's Awakening" and some shorter poems, and for several weeks after our return I was able to write most of the day.

One of the immediate results of our Eastern visit was a heavy correspondence with persons who were awakened to their spiritual needs by hearing us relate our experience, and by the singing our songs which God gave us. Since the dear Lord had so flooded our lives with His blessed presence and love—gave us the poetic gift, and had so far healed me that I was able to make this trip—we felt that we must make the most of this occasion and honor our blessed Savior by declaring what great things He had done for us, and had wrought in us. This was our chief aim wherever we went. Many of our friends would travel miles to meet us, and the neighbors would gather at the homes of our relatives when we were visiting to hear what to them was a strange message.

God not only gave me strength to meet and talk with all these people, but, better than all else, He honored our efforts so that many were led to seek a deeper work of grace and a more definite and satisfactory Christian experience. How glad we were to be thus used in helping them. This marked an epoch in our own lives and also in the lives of many others; and, as a matter of course, they were not satisfied with this short interview, for they wanted to know more of this blessed new life that had come to us, and so they would write us for further instruction and to express their thanks for what they had heard. God was just as certainly in this visit as in any other event of my life. We felt that it had been planned by the Holy Spirit, and that we were joyfully performing our part in this divine plan. He prepared me both in body and in spirit to

bring a message to the people, and then prepared their hearts to receive it. To Him be all the glory!

(To the foregoing I would add a few lines. The more I think of the contents of this chapter, the more I am impressed with the thought that God was in it all the way through. Soon after we returned to California from this most wonderful visit the dear one was taken ill and, after lingering for seven months, she passed peacefully and triumphantly to the life beyond.

It seemed that the time had come for her translation. Many prayers were offered for her recovery, but no one received any assurance of answered prayer. Jesus had the first and highest claim on her, and so He took her unto Himself. It seemed to us that she had reached a point where life meant so much more to her, as she was so well prepared to help others. The greatness of a life is not to be measured by the number of years, but by what it achieves. She apparently lived more and accomplished more in the last year than in all the other years of her life; and if heaven means fullness of joy, she was there a year before she left the body.

While our prayers for her recovery were not answered according to our desires, perhaps we will some day see that God did answer them in the way that was best both for her and for us. Her saintly life and spiritual conquests were such that no one who knew her can ever doubt the power of the Gospel to transform a human soul into the image of Christ. She literally walked and talked with God in the most perfect accord, so that she could show us the deep things of God. Bishop McIntyre said, "She lived what I try to preach." Jesus wrought in her the most perfect type of the Christian that has ever been my privilege to witness, and then He permitted her to remain with us long enough to show us by example the beauty of the higher life, and to give us a pattern which shows us what He could do with and for one who was fully committed to His will, and then she was exalted to share the rewards of the faithful in glory.—

A. H. G.)

CHAPTER VII

DEMONIACAL POSSESSION

God gives revelations and makes manifestations to the soul which cannot be told, and should not be spoken of only to those who have some knowledge of the deep things of God, because they alone can understand. Perhaps this is why Jesus cautioned the disciples not to speak of the vision of the Transfiguration until after His resurrection; or why He told some whom He healed not to make it known. There are some things which must be kept in the holy of holies of our being until God makes it clear that they are to be given to the public. In 2nd Corinthians, 12th chapter, Paul relates that he was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words—and things which were not lawful to utter. So God has given me revelations (and no doubt He has others) which I feel must be kept secret until He makes it clear to me that it is His pleasure that they are to be made known. But He has given me visions and experiences which I feel just as much in duty bound to make known as to keep the others secret.

When Paul was stricken down on his way to Damascus, he heard a voice which said, "Rise and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose to make thee a minister and a witness both of the things which thou hast seen and of those things in thee which I will appear unto thee." The purpose in bearing witness to those things was "To open their eyes, and to turn them (the Gentiles) from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." (Acts 26:16-18.)

Note that much of the Scriptures is a rehearsal of human experience used to illustrate some great truth. Also the testimony of God's people all down the ages has been a potent factor in producing conviction of sin, and causing men to turn to God; to quicken faith and stimulate to action. Many have gone forth with but little knowledge of theology, but with a rich experience of the love of Jesus burning in their souls, and with simple and often broken language, telling of their deliverance from sin through faith in Jesus. Their simple story has been heard, and by this thousands have been won to Christ.

My purpose in relating the following experience is that some soul in bondage to Satan may read and know that there is deliverance through Jesus Christ.

The fact of demon possessions is taught in the Scriptures, and I know by my own experience that this is true. In the previous chapter I tried to describe the workings of the Spirit in the healing of my body, producing peculiar sensations. Paul tells us in 2nd Corinthians 11-14 that Satan is transformed into an angel of light. This is one of his devices to deceive the children of God. He saw a chance to imitate this peculiar working of the Spirit and thus act on my body. He fastened himself upon me like a leach, representing himself as the Holy Spirit working on me as my healer. It was marvelous how perfectly he counterfeited the workings of the Holy Spirit up to a certain extent, so that I was totally deceived. I was hesitating about writing a message given me in the night. I doubted whether God would reveal Himself so contrary to Scripture. My experiences up to this one had had a solid Scriptural foundation, and especially in the last three or four days. It must have been this that made Satan so desperate. For twenty-one days this demon possessed my body almost continuously and I thought for a while it was the Holy Spirit, so perfect was the deception—saying, “Well, dear Lord, you know that I am thine and if my body needs this manifestation I will willingly spend the entire night, and even stay in my room all day if you think my body needs this heroic treatment.”

While this treatment was not unpleasant (see healing process described in previous chapter) but it was kept up so long that my vital force was being exhausted. I dropped into a sleep just for a few moments and immediately he took full possession of me. Here I rebelled. I thought, “Why, Jesus, I am exhausted.” Immediately at the mention of the name of Jesus the demon left me for a little season, and my body dropped. But oh the indescribable horror I felt when I realized that he had fastened his talons around my body and held me in the grasp of his strong arms. He had been making me feel so highly honored to be thus possessed by the Holy Spirit, but the appeal to Jesus banished him, and it was so sudden that I thought, “Now I have insulted the Holy Spirit,” and so complete was the deception that I began to think of myself as being so ungrateful to presume to dictate to Him who had made my life so happy, given me such beautiful messages both in verse and in prose, caused me to love my Bible as never before, made me able to testify and offer prayer in public, even causing me to shout aloud His praises, and had enable me to prepare some Bible lessons, and now, when He was preparing my body so that I might be able to give the lessons when occasion offered, I presumed to put myself in the way—I who wanted to be kept an empty vessel, had of my own volition shut out my divine healer and had again raised the “black wall,” shutting out my Jesus. Oh! I began to see myself so ungrateful and was so

sorry that I begged Him to come again. On my knees I prayed that the thought which shut Him out might be forgotten and that He would possess me day and night as He willed. "Not my will but Thine be done."

To think that I was using the same blessed words that brought me out of Egypt into the sunlit Canaan! Oh, thou arch deceiver! What a humiliation this was to me!

He did not come upon me suddenly as he did before, but made me feel that the Holy Spirit was deeply grieved, and that if ever any suggestion of doubt came between us He might leave me forever, and my body would lapse back into a worse state than before, and then all that the Spirit had been trying to do through me would be lost, for "His Spirit will not always strive with man".

You see Satan can and does quote Scripture. I never understood this so clearly and forcibly before. I attributed all that was good to the Giver of all good.

But he came back with a vengeance later on, thinking to fascinate me with a craving desire for him to possess my body, such as drinking men have for drink, and he did this in such a way as to make me believe that it was the Holy Spirit, so complete was the disguise. This possession caused my body to be so relaxed that I felt myself an entirely different person. I thought, "Well, no wonder people become slaves to appetite, this sensation is so delicious, restful and refreshing, and I can always have it with me."

I want to stop here a moment to thank the dear Lord that this deceiver never got into my messages, for thus far he had only influenced my body.

Satan was wise enough to see that I could be easily deceived in my enthusiastic love for Jesus, but this afternoon when I saw his photograph in God's Word, I dropped on my knees and cried aloud to God for deliverance. This old deceiver left me immediately, and at the least sign of his return I would cry out to God. But his leaving was only temporary, but in such a way as to practice another deception.

I have learned that not all demoniacal possessions have the same manifestations. The most dangerous are those when persons are possessed and do not know it, or too proud to acknowledge it. There are demons of spiritual pride and religious ambitions.

Whoever reads this narrative pray God to deliver you from any such possession, and in the name of Him who died to redeem us, do all you can for those who are suffering hell's torments here.

It was not long until I was again attacked, and this time fiercer than ever. Be it understood that during these intervals I was not free. I felt that I was under his control and in his grasp

even though he was not manifestly present, and that he was tormenting me at his will.

He was trying to separate and drag me away from God. It seemed that he was determined to kill me if he could not possess me entirely. He was in my body and, like a dog, was aroused at the slightest scent of danger.

I battled with this demon all night. He tried to make me believe that some of my messages I had received were sacreligious, until I determined to close my books—not write another line and lock up what I had written in a safety box hidden away from all eyes. I did not sleep more than two or three hours and when I awoke in the morning I said, "Where am I now? In the land of darkness and doubt, or am I to have some sunlight today?" I began to examine myself to see if I could detect any evidence of guilt or sorrow. I thought this evidence would decide for the sensations possessed me fully. I had cried out to God all night for deliverance from this demon that had come into my life unawares.

Let no one think for a moment that I am drawing a fanciful picture from imagination. What I am writing was to me an actual occurrence, however strange it may seem to others. After another day of conflicts, doubts and fears, I retired for the night, and after a short sleep, I awoke in an ecstasy of soul, and my heart said, "Some soul is set at liberty tonight. Hallelujah! Oh, I feel such stirrings of soul, as if God had some great and good news for me. I feel myself intoxicated with the Spirit of Jubilation. All heaven seems to be rejoicing over some great victory, and I am trying to echo that joy down here. Both heaven and earth are in one great atmosphere of rejoicing. The only parallel I can think of is that of the Israelites when David returned from the victory over Goliath. Everybody and everything rejoicing, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Bless the Lord oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!" Some great victory is being consummated, either here or in heaven, or perhaps in both. It is as if some soul has been set at liberty and all creation was rejoicing. Oh that the veil could be lifted just now, between me and the world beyond, that I might see and know the cause of this great rejoicing! Shout aloud and clap your hands for joy, all ye people! Some wonderful revelations are about to be made. I wait Thy presence, Lord!

Little did I think that I would be hurled so soon from this mountain height of rejoicing to the lowest depths of darkness, and to find myself battling again with the enemy of my soul, much less did I think that the cause of this rejoicing was for my own deliverance, but such it was as it was clearly made known to me later.

Demons of hell, your name is legion. These furies came upon me with all their power like a mighty avalanche. Satan and all his

imps seemed to possess me, and I was as helpless as the defenseless lamb in the lion's grasp.

At first I was again deceived, thinking after such manifestations of joy that this must be the Spirit of God in me, so I was submissive. But I was mistaken—I felt utterly forsaken. Then I felt as never before the significance of that wail from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" The arch demon seemed to say, "I will have you or I will kill you." I felt my body as in a vice, and it was being drawn with awful tension from head to foot until I thought my heart would stop beating. It was so labored that I felt I was choking. I never for a moment believed that this was a physical manifestation, but thought that I had been turned over to the enemy, and wondered why Jesus would allow this, for I felt all the time that it was against my will. This awful and last attack continued from two o'clock in the morning until five in the evening—fifteen hours of such torment that no human imagination can conceive, or tongue can tell. All day long I studied my Bible to try to find out if possible the meaning of all this. About 1:30 p. m. I became greatly alarmed because my body was so wrenched. The pressure on my chest was tightening until I felt that I would die in my room alone, and I began to plan to go to—and ask them to pray for me that this demon might be cast out. At this time a dear sister, a returned missionary from Calcutta, India, a true saint of God, called. By a great effort of will power I controlled myself for awhile, read her some of my experiences, and how it came to me December 28, 1906, and how He had helped others. I also read her some of my poems, and told her how they came to me as a direct gift from God, and all the while that I was doing this my body seemed to be hardening like iron. The grasp was so terrible that my spine ached. Then, unable to bear this longer, I fell forward weeping, with my head on the table, and told her how this demon was trying to steal all these messages, and drag me body and soul away from God. I seemed to have no power to longer resist, for he was too strong, and I was utterly helpless now. She replied, "No, no, dear sister, you are not possessed, you cannot be. These messages are from God, and you cannot belong to Him and the devil too." I said, "Do you mean that he cannot have me against my will?" She answered, "Yes, you have to voluntarily go away from God." Then hope began to spring up. I replied, "Then I will never, never yield, but I think this demon will kill me." I am afraid to stay here alone tonight. She said, "Let us pray." As she prayed, and as I pleaded for deliverance, by our united effort I was wrenched from this demon's grasp, for I felt this awful tension on my body relaxing—not all at once, but gently and gradually. I felt that Satan's power was broken and that he was conquered and cast out—

not a temporary departure, as heretofore, but actually driven out of my body. I knew this beyond any shadow of a doubt, and then like a flash it was made known to me that when I seemed to hear all the heavenly hosts rejoicing, before Satan made his last attack, that this rejoicing was over my deliverance, which had just taken place. From that time I have been free from his grasp. Praise God I am now free!

CHAPTER VIII

VISIONS, MESSAGES AND MEDITATIONS

Three pictures—I may call them, as they seemed like golden clouds—stood before my vision for a long time. I finally said, “I wish I were an artist I would paint them,” then they immediately vanished.

(“See *the wrapper*,” was whispered to me. One and one-half hours later, while reflecting on this vision the Holy Spirit again whispered, “See the wrapper”) and with this there appeared the picture of my Bible. Then I began to understand. Since Saturday the messages were given to me in parables, and I was led to search the Scriptures for their meaning.

These golden clouds stood longer before my vision than any of the others, because I was not impressed to write. There seemed to be nothing to write about. Finally I thought if I were an artist I would make a sketch of them, then I would have them for future reference and comparison if the Lord continued to give me messages and visions, and I would know whether there was any progress in my spiritual development in the way the Lord was revealing Himself to me, teaching or using me.

When the Holy Spirit saw that they had made their impression, they were taken away. It was the manner of their vanishing that mostly deeply impresses me; for just as soon as I had made note of them they were gone. This is just like it is with the other messages. I must write immediately in order to keep them.

As the vanishing clouds were followed by a picture of the Bible, I said, What do the Scriptures say about clouds? My mind was immediately directed to Lev. 16:2, “I will appear in the clouds upon the mercy seat.” Also Num. 11:25, “And Jehovah came down in the cloud and spake unto him (Moses) and took of the Spirit that was upon him and put it upon the seventy elders, and it came to pass that when the Spirit rested upon them they prophesied.” Num.

12-5, "And Jehovah came down in a pillar of cloud and stood in the door of the tent." I felt that my little room was a holy place and that God was really there. His word has been much to me since then. It is absolutely a new book to me. How can I explain what it is to me? Following this vision these lines were formed in my mind:

A Bible new I have in hand,
But can I make you understand?
New glories in its pages I see,
Since visions and this book agree.

Yesterday evening, after coming from dinner, I thought I would continue writing on my book, but the Holy Spirit seemed to say, "Lie down and rest. Give yourself up wholly to communion." I did so and oh the peace and conscious love of Jesus that possessed me! Had I not promised to go to church with a friend, who was to call for me, I would have stayed in my room. I had in my thought, "This blessed communion will have to be broken off." Well, it paid me to go. I was greatly blest in partaking of the communion. As I took the cup—the symbol of the blood Christ—my soul was melted into perfect peace. After the sermon I knelt with a seeker at the altar, and was enabled to point him to Jesus and show him the way of salvation. The joy that comes to those who do this is proof to me that we are in some way akin to the heavenly hosts, for that same event which causes them to rejoice fills our souls with joy.

The sweet communion which I thought would be broken off last night, still continues; and while reflecting on the gifts which came to me when I sought the Giver only—just prayed for His presence to possess me. He not only answered my prayer, but in addition to this He gave me the most precious gift mentioned in the Bible—love, and then He showed me that I was to have another—the gift of tongues—not in the sense that is generally understood—but the ability to express my thoughts. Then, though all alone in my room, I broke out in a shout of praise as that blessed Presence beamed upon me, and filled and thrilled me with His love.

Well, here I find that I have been sitting up in my bed writing at intervals for two and a half hours. "Glory to God!" All that is within me bless His holy name! He holds me in His arms of love. Oh that I could write it! paint it, engrave it so that it could be understood; that all who read this may have awakened in them the desire to plunge into this blessed fountain of love, "for here would I stay forever."

Is it not strange that when these rich Gospel blessings may be had without money and without price:

Souls are starving for heavenly bread,
That their mortal natures may be fed.

The Lord used Dr. Watson Sunday morning to show me my blessed inheritance, and Dr. McIntyre Sunday night to show that I was being sifted that I might be free from all chaff. I saw the pure clean wheat, and saw that Jesus was my Intercessor through it all. Had I known it while I was passing through that awful ordeal the "hot plow-share" would not have plowed so deep, but alone as I thought I was with that devil of darkness, I seemed to be entirely.

Why did both of these servants of God bring the message *after* instead of *before*, so that I might have been forewarned? Jesus knows, I think my not knowing makes the deliverance all the greater, but it frightens me when I think how this demon deceived me by representing himself as the Holy Spirit until he got such a hold on me. I was brought to the very precipice of despair, and had no power to deliver myself—all I did was to call Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! hoping He might hear. I was too weak or blind or *something* to exercise faith. I could not think at all. But I knew that Jesus had given me my blessed new life, and I called for Him, just as one would call for help when drowning and was going down for the last time. It was a call of despair.

Oh that I could write in letters of gold the wonder-working power of Jesus in the deliverance of my soul!

I seem to be living in an atmosphere of expectancy. He has been giving me daily such blessed seasons of communion and manifestations, and interpretations of Scripture, and now I am looking for a more marvelous baptism. He is preparing me for something out of the ordinary. Do Thy perfect work in me, dear Lord—spare me—not.

I dropped to sleep for just a few minutes, when a little bit of a message appeared written away down in one corner of a page—it was this: "Why thy Mary delivered?" As I meditated I seemed to see that as the deliverance of Mary Magdalena has meant so much to the world, I thought that perhaps my trial and deliverance was intended to be in some way used for the good of others.

Some may say: Oh, those manifestations which she thought was Satan's power over her was hysterics. Nay, nay, my friend, can you distinguish between a slight intoxication and delirium tremens? I saw the flash of his eyes, like a snake charming a bird. I was so bound and held by him that nothing but the power of God—that which caused all heaven to rejoice that Friday night—the night of that indescribable agony, could have rescued me. I think I know my Jesus now, and His power to save, as never before. I can under-

stand just how Peter stepped out of the little boat upon the water. He got a glimpse of the One who was supporting him.

That night as I knelt at my bedside before retiring it seemed to me that Jesus took charge of me just like the tender loving mother prepares her child to sleep for the night. I seemed to nestle down with my head pillowled on His breast and slept so sweetly till midnight, when I awoke with this

Praise His name, give thanks and sing,
Glory to the new-born King,

going through my mind with a rush. I could not stop it. If I had had paper I could have written the music, which was different from any melody I had ever heard. My whole being seemed to be jubilant like the grand climax of an orchestra rushing to completion, and, with this rhythmic beat of song, I *saw* instead of felt my body being winnowed as in a machine where the wheat and chaff are being separated. I felt nothing, but saw it all, and after this I saw myself rushing, rushing—passing every obstacle in my path—seemingly bent on an important mission—I had the right-of-way as the fire engines have when hastening to a fire. Lying on my pillow fully awake, I saw all this, but it was accompanied with no sensation in my body. It was something like moving pictures such as the soldiers rushing up San Juan Hill. I understand it all now. It was my preparation for service. I was at first so terribly frightened when I seemed to see the manifestation coming upon me again. But upon reflection I thought to test my Deliverer by lying submissive to see if Jesus would allow it, but it went on to a climax in a winnowing process without touching my body at all—Hallelujah! I feel that I would like to shout that word as loudly as the Lord would give me breath, for some great redemption song is struggling in my soul for expression, and I know of nothing great or grand enough to express this.

The triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem when the people were casting their garments and palm branches in His way, and shouting with a mighty shout, was but a type of what was going on in my soul.

I seemed to see my deliverance given in exchange for my homage and obedience to Him. Then I thought oh might it be possible if I obeyed not that I would again be racked with that awful possession. If so, it would mean insanity or death, for I know I could not endure it. Jesus, if this is a call, I want to obey, but I feel burdened with the thought that I am the weakest of all Thy children. I am frightened at the very thought. If you will remove this burden and let me have your conscious presence with me, I will go anywhere for you and go as eagerly as I saw myself going in the vision.

I was enabled to testify to this wonderful salvation—to my happy Christian experience in a sick room this morning. All present felt the presence of our divine Lord. Oh, it was blessed to be thus used! I realized the fulfillment of the promise “I am thy God who strengthened thee.” It seems to me now that I could carry this message anywhere. Nothing gives such pleasure as doing God’s will. His peace fills my soul and He baptizes with His glory.

It must be that my sleeping hours are also filled with this same blessed life. I awoke so happy—just as if there had been no interruption, and my sleep is so restful. It seems I am learning both how to sleep and how to live in my waking hours. All care and worry gone out of my life—a new creature in Christ Jesus.

God is giving me so many messages, some of which seem to be prophesies that I often wonder how I can use them. Last night there were two or three plans suggested. Now I feel that I will take them to some who occupy high places in the church, and if one is so blind that he cannot or will not see, I must go to another. A prompting comes which is going to make me run with these just as I saw myself running in my vision the other night overcoming all obstacles. I am reminded of that awful possession with its deceitful manifestation, which would be hell to me here were it to return; and should my light ever go out this would be Satan’s chance again. Then my past groveling life would return—my body filled with pain, making me an invalid so that I could not do a tenth part of what I am doing now.

A dear sister said last night, “You are looking so different. It is marvelous how you can attend all the meetings and you do not look tired at all. You used to have such a drawn look about the eyes.” And my pastor, Dr. McIntyre, asked, “How are you?” I answered, “Fine.” He said, “Well, you look it.” Now I am reminded that if I obey not the Spirit’s bidding this blessed Presence, my abiding guest, may leave me and then I may drift back into the old sorry dying rate of living.

I was awakened at an early hour this morning with this message, “Intercession is being made that your faith fail you not.” Now, it is Jesus interceding with the Father and this is made known to me through the Holy Spirit. It seems to me now that my faith could not fail as long as I have this blessed presence. Oh, I pray that I may never grieve the Spirit away. I am so thankful that I have heard this voice. I will be strong knowing that Thou, dear Jesus, art making intercession for me. It grieves me to think that I should ever be disobedient in any way after all that Thou hast done for me—dying on the cross for my redemption, purifying my heart, baptizing me with Thy Spirit—this divine presence as an abiding guest. O Father! I thank Thee for Thy patience and long

suffering with Thy weak children—and I feel myself the *weakest* of all—I am undone without Thee. O take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, but lead me into all truth, for Jesus' sake. Amen!

I can see such a difference in my religious life. While I have felt myself a child of God, as we are led to feel by believing and obeying—now I seem to have acquired so much more. This personal Savior! this gift of the Holy Spirit endowing me with a power I never had until this new life dawned upon me. And this dawn is breaking into a great light that floods my soul, and I realize this Presence with me as consciously as I realize myself clothed with my physical body.

When I returned from church last night I felt that my robe had fallen off, but I held on by faith, and oh how I did welcome this dear voice speaking to me again in the early hours of the morning! Perhaps I was tired in my body, or all my vitality was used up—consumed by that unventilated and crowded hall. Anyway my Beloved gave me sweet and refreshing sleep from the moment I touched my bed until 5:30 this morning. How good He is to me! I think He saw that if I slept all night without a message from Him I would be anxious, for on retiring I said, "I must find out what this means and do tomorrow what I failed to do today," but now I feel myself enfolded in these same strong arms of love. Praise His name, I learned through this not to mistake a physical condition for a spiritual state.

I am not lonely now. Oh this blessed Presence. How did I ever live without Him? It used to be "It" both in the Bible and in my life; but were it still "It" in the Bible it would be He in my life.

After a refreshing sleep I awoke three hours later with this, which seems to be my guide for the day:

" 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word,
Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know 'Thus saith the Lord'."

I wonder what this means? Rest upon His promise. It would be as though I had buried my dearest friend or loved one. I would know where he was and expect to meet him again, but could not talk to him now. I could bear all this, but how could I live in this world and not be able to talk with my Jesus?

What we believe with the heart stays with us longer and is more consciously felt than what is believed by the head. "I know whom I have believed."

The blessed Jesus is enabling me in some degree to express the glory that I have had flashes of all through my life. But there is

so much which cannot be expressed in words, that much of what I have seen, heard and felt will forever remain concealed from my friends—why are there not some symbols of expression which will enable us to communicate the feelings and states of the soul?

Oh, to think what *self* has been shutting out of my life, and what poor stuff I have given in exchange for this spirit-filled life!

How can I make it up to Thee, dear Jesus?

"My being's ransomed powers,
All my days and all my hours."

They are all Thine.

Oh the love so pure and precious,
Of my Lord the crucified.

Awoke at 3 a. m. with this question, "Might not the asylums be emptied through prayer? This question was followed by this couplet:

He takes the incense of our prayer
As it ascends the golden stair.

March 8th. This morning while meditating whether I should go to the Bible class or call upon a friend who has called several times to see me but did not find me in, this came to me: "There is a table spread and the hungry heart can be satisfied." I presume this means that in Jesus there is abundant provision for the longings of every soul for a better, more satisfactory experience. I have tested to my entire satisfaction the truth of the 4th beatitude, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." (Matt. 5:6.)

Many who have heard my experience, and whose hearts were hungry for the same blessings, have been touched to a degree the same way—the coloring seems to be the same although some are absorbing more than others.

One who is rising higher and higher, and who is referred to earlier in this narrative as having felt the touch at prayer meeting, said, "I want to sit by you, no one does me the good that you do. I was so happy last night that I could not sleep." (Lord keep me humble and use her for Thy glory.) I told her some weeks ago that I could not be satisfied with the kind of food furnished by the news-papers.

I have no fault to find with *news* papers, but too much time spent in reading the gossip of the average daily is a soul loss to him who yields to this temptation. There are better things to engage the time and thought of an immortal being.

Last night she said to me, "I have lost interest in the news-

papers. I have not read one since we last talked together. This is wonderful for me—my life is filled with blessed peace."

I met another last night and her light is beginning to shine with a new luster. We have had many heart talks and prayers together. I will quote from a letter received yesterday from my dear friend in San Francisco. This is a part of one of the answers received in reply to one of the

"Letters of Prayer
Sent in the Holy Spirit's Care":

"The days pass so quickly to me now. I am so happy, for I never worry any more, but have learned the true secret of casting all my care upon Him, who careth for me, and oh it is such a relief and comfort to lean hard upon him. It seems to me as if the stone had in truth been rolled from the sepulcher of my soul and the light of His love was pouring in, bringing new life to me. Your wonderful experience is very precious to me. As I read it the Holy Spirit fell upon me in a mighty baptism such as I never experienced before."

I find more and more in God's Word all the time. Every day so many precious messages come to me, as I go about my work, or when I am alone at night. A short time ago this came to me—and it stood before me in letters of shining gold: "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust." Omnipotence for a shelter, and infinite love for a bed. And again, "Who is there that shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" And so I grow happier all the time, for I have found "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge".

Praise His name for the drops that are falling on others. A precious letter from my husband this morning—some quotations just for the glory of God. I give this to show the similarity of all these experiences. Praise the Lord, I know what it is. It is the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Many more will recognize and receive it by and by if they can keep self out.

"I am having a blessed time. Last night, although my body was weary, I was enveloped in a heavenly calm. (Glory to God! don't I know what that is?) and had a sweet peace unspeakable. Today I am filled with the same blessed peace."

He wrote the following lines in a railway station and enclosed them in his letter. They are based on Luke 4:17:

God's Spirit hath anointed me,
To touch the blind that they may see;
To preach the gospel to the poor,
On broken hearts His balm to pour.

I bring to captives liberty,
And preach the year of jubilee;
“This scripture is fulfilled today”
The messenger began to say.

Oh blessed day of gospel grace
To all the needy of the race;
The dumb aloud with joy do sing
At those glad words which He doth bring.

He touched the lepers—they were clean,
The palsied limbs were whole again;
At His rebuke the demons fled,
And trembled at the words He said.

Oh piteous cry of the “Unclean”
“Destroy us not Thou Nazarine”;
“Let us alone,” they cried aloud,
“Thou art the holy One of God.”

“Come out of Him and hold thy peace.”
At this rebuke he found release;
Though stricken down he hurt him not,
Was saved and healed in every spot.

He said away back in the beginning of my new and blessed experience that he wanted to overtake and walk with me. But if keeping close to Jesus will keep him from going ahead of me, I will not allow that. In this, giving and helping others does not impoverish our own lives, but instead we are greatly enriched thereby.

Just returned from breakfast, and my soul all the time was overflowing with God's love and power. I hurried to get back to this little haven of rest where I could be alone with Jesus and write. Oh, that I could color these pages with the glory that I feel at this moment! I pray that this book may be so charged with power from on high that, wherever and however used, the Holy Spirit may flow through them, and run from heart to heart until the Pentecostal baptism of love and power has reached all.

The blood of my Jesus, so full and so free,
Was shed for all men, and was shed for thee;
He'll give thee rejoicing, and cleanse thee from sin,
Oh open thy heart's door and let Him come in!

The King's highway, the way of salvation, the straight and

narrow way. There are no wrecks nor collisions on this line. Jesus is the engineer and the Holy Spirit is the conductor. Have you a through ticket? Have you given it over to Him, or are you trying to hide it and steal your way? (I saw and heard one yesterday who was led to see this way, but in the same hour sold her ticket for \$2.50.)

Don't you know He sees that ticket away down in your satchel and He is already considering at what station He will leave you? You are not forced to go clear through. You may stop in the wilderness if you choose, but as you hear of that country to which the others have gone your mouth will water for the milk and honey and the bunches of luscious grapes from the land of Eschol.

If "coming events cast their shadows before" a great, great victory is to be won somewhere. Is it in my heart, dear Lord? Are you in this way preparing me for a call to work somewhere and somehow for Thee? If so, I will look back to December 28, 1906, when I met Thee face to face, and to March 3rd, 1907, when Thou didst send Thy glory upon me like a Niagara deluge, and to March 8th as my "Day of Pentecost," wherein I was endued with power; there are many other stations along the way where the glory of the immortal life shone around me, but the three above-mentioned dates will forever live in my memory. Let this body fail and mingle with the common earth, and thought my spirit soar away to realms of the eternal dawn, oh it seems to me no other change can ever come to me to blot out the remembrance of these from my mind. I think when the pauses come at the end of the choruses, when I join with the myriads in the new, new song of the redeemed and blood washed, that my thoughts will fly back to these earthly dates and places where the wonders of saving grace were so abundantly wrought in me.

Have Thine own way dear Lord with me. Give me courage to meet the giants along the way. Let me go over and possess the *land*. Get me clear out of Egypt's bondage.

Last night I took a back seat because I was afraid I might give way to the floods of joy and disturb the meeting. Perhaps that was why I felt so shorn of strength, and so lonely on coming to my room. How easy it seems in our own little sanctuaries to be used for God's glory and service, but it is not so easy when one goes out and comes in direct contact with life's realities. Lord, if this is my trouble just take me entirely out of myself and leave this carcass in the wilderness; but let the new self go swiftly over into the "Promised Land".

November 8th, 6:30 p. m. This is a day long to be remembered on account of flood-tides of the Holy Spirit that swept over my soul, while in my room writing, and also at the Ladies' Prayer

Meeting. I was given great liberty in both prayer and testimony. The Spirit's power was manifest, causing others to see and feel their need and in expressing their desire for this fullness. Our beloved pastor is feeling the influence of prayer that radiates from this meeting—so his wife told us today. The Lord answered prayer. “While he yet speaketh I will hear.”

My boat seemed helpless on a storm-tossed sea, and I, perfectly helpless, cannot put out a hand except as the Lord shows me.

Young men say they can float on and on and an and never get beyond their depths—God save them! They neither know their frailties nor the hidden dangers.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you, if not he will creep upon you and before you are aware of it he will have fastened himself in your life, changing himself into an angel of light to deceive—I know this by experience. (See chapter on Demoniacial Possessions.) Examine your heart. Is ought there you would not have Jesus see? Have you turned from every inclination to evil?

It was not intended that the dreams of earth should be satisfied with mere earthly things. There are aspirations of soul and heart hungers which cannot be satisfied in this state of existence. Since this is so, what does it imply?

Be still and see how Christ prevails.

God spared not His eldest Son, then why should He
spare me?

He with cruel thorns and nail-pierced hands was hanged
upon the tree.

Oh beautiful garden—oh radiant clime,
Each blooming flower seems so sublime.

Jesus seems to show me that all those who have been touched by my experience are the *flowers of my garden*.

Oh favored ones!—those included in this garden of the Lord—and mine is a part of His—just a little corner which He allows me to call mine—upon which He looks down with such approval, nourished by His Spirit, baptized in His blood, refreshed by His showers of blessing.

“Behold the lilies of the field *how* they grew.”

Cups turned upward to receive—Glory!

I do not understand last night's messages. They are different from the others. I would get just a sentence at a time. I would write it—and when almost asleep—another thought would come, and as I never know what will follow I feel that I must write what the Spirit says, or puts into my mind. Sometimes I would fall asleep and then would be wakened—just as my mother would come

to my bedside when I was a child and say in the most tender, loving way, "Time to get up". This is the way I was awakened each time to receive these broken messages. Though I may not now know their meaning, I know my Teacher. They are nuggets to fit in somewhere. I can never destroy them for they are from the Lord. Perhaps some one may catch their meaning and lift them up into a clearer light.

In reading a tract today whose title was "Full Pentecost" I stand amazed at the light it sheds on my experience. In this I see that March 3rd was my Pentecostal Birthday—"full Pentecost," and the message which was given me February 21—and which I tore from my tablet—accords exactly with the thought expressed in this tract where "the Spirit of God is set to guard the Bride of Christ and to restore her in time". God is married to us. He draws us back at times, almost against our insane protests, and the lifting us back causes us to feel that we were being pulled to pieces. These are almost my identical words, and I feared because of such intimate relations expressed between a human and the Divine. I was afraid it was sacreligious to claim such a relation.

I find that this divine qualification is all essential for the service we are called upon to render for others. It is the enduement of power with the added enduement of gifts that constitute full Pentecost.

As sinks the sun at close of day
So sinks my soul in Thee to stay—
To stay for aye in realms so bright,
Made bright with God's effulgent light.
Dissolving views the colors blend,
So doth my soul toward Thee trend;
And sinking down in this great light
Absorb Thy goodness and Thy might.
Oh this blest fellowship with Thee
Is both so gentle and so free;
I'd leave this earth and with Thee rise
To that blest home beyond the skies—
That home whose builder is our God,
Where Jesus' feet divinely trod
Before He left that home in heaven
And came to earth in mercy driven.
But now He's seated on His throne
And soon will come to claim His own.
Then, then with Him I will arise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
I'll bid farewell to earthly care
And be forever with Him there.

I love the dawn of the Sabbath day,
Calling away to sing and pray,
And rest awhile from our daily care,
Calling to regions oh how fair.

Not marble halls, with fashions swell,
Is where the King delights to dwell;
Throw off desire and with Him walk,
If God through you is heard to talk.
Take no back seat in Gospel grace,
But meet your Savior face to face,
That on the altar of your heart
Refining fire just now might start.

The above eight lines which came to me seemed to indicate where I should go to church this morning, but to be sure I lay back on my pillow after writing these lines—to see if it might be just “a flow of soul”. But all that came to me was “This is the way, walk ye in it.” So I will go where I have been afraid to go all week, lest I might disturb the meeting, for I could not tell what might happen, as I seemed unable to control myself when under the power of the Spirit. Thy will be done, not mine, dear Lord!

“I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain or plain or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.”

2:30 p. m. I think I make no mistake in obeying the voice that led me to hear Dr. Watson. It shed great light on my way.

The text is found in 2nd Peter 4-11.

He compared God's promises as found in His word to the electric wires and the current to the Holy Spirit; and through this light shining on our path we are made partakers of the divine nature. And the way we escape temptation is by listening to His voice. He compared the serpent which tempted Eve to false doctrines, higher criticism—no hell theories, etc., etc. He showed her the fruit and the trees and told her that God was mistaken, and as she looked upon it her mouth began to water for it. She began to yield. This is the way that evil desires fasten upon us. We begin to lust for them and, if cultivated, will sink us into lowest perdition. The way to escape is to let God talk to us, just as we let the evil one talk to us, and obey Him. Faith is the color bearer, the architect of our lives. For this very cause we must *add* to it. Add means a greater supply, a packing down, etc., etc. Also he compared faith

to the leader of the choir who takes the key note, or the French horn in a great orchestra, and all the other instruments must be tuned up to it. All the virtues mentioned here must be brought in tune with our faith. Knowledge of God—divine love in the heart, abounding faith makes the perfect man. A great text this is when followed out and applied.

Something remarkable or serious, as we would call it in the old life, occurred today. Last night in my dream I saw a casket being lifted into some kind of a vehicle, and today about 1:30 p. m. I was lying down resting when I seemed to be pulled out and up, up, up until I got away from my body, and I felt the pulling as if a kite string was holding me to earth. I seemed to be lying in a reclining chair, and the same Jesus whom I saw in my picture, with a company of angels, was bending over me. I seemed to float around awhile, and then very gently came into my body again. I write this for the glory of God, so that if I am soon taken away my friends will know that I am with Jesus and His angels; or it may be that a loved one over there is calling me out of my body. Time will reveal this message.

I am wholly in His hands, and have no other wish than His will. "Absent from the body and present with the Lord," or, as the revised version has it, "Absent from the body and at home with the Lord."

2nd Cor. 5:8: If any man serve me, let him follow me, and where I am there shall also my servant be. Jno. 12:26, also Phil. 1:23: Oh praise His name! There is no name and there is no Savior like my Jesus. (Only a short time after this was written she received the call, and with a shout of triumph she mounted the chariot from the skies and rode triumphant into glory, where she is "at home with the Lord".—A. H. G.)

In my evening meditations this was impressed on my mind: "Satan holdeth the whole world in his arms like children asleep." 1st Jno. 5:19: "We know we are of God, and the whole world lieth in the evil one." How can we know that we are of God? 1st Jno. 1:6-7: "If we say that we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness we lie and do not tell the truth." But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. 1st Jno. 2:5: "But whoso keepeth His word in Him hath the love of God been perfected. Hereby we know we are in Him."

I look upon people in utter amazement and alarm who do not know that they are saved, and do not make this the uppermost in their thoughts and actions until it is definitely settled. They ignore the compass of their lives.

Lives that live on in their personality in perpetual separation

from God. They would not think of crossing the ocean without consulting the compass every day—careful of the body that cannot at the most live but a few years. But an eternity away from God; the awful agony of that soul that passes into eternity without Christ! They will not allow their thoughts to dwell upon this here. They say, "What is the use, we might as well take some pleasure here. We know nothing about the future anyhow." I talked with such an one this week. Oh my God! here I sit knowing the friends and dear ones are in danger of that shipwreck of soul when banished from Thy presence! We cannot bear it here—when we get a glimpse of our lost condition, but to realize this when it is too late! A lost soul throughout eternity abandoned by God, separated from the only source of help—remembering lost opportunities, surrounded by other lost souls, demons laughing at their agony, no opiate to deaden the consciousness or efface the memories of slighted mercies! How can mothers give so much attention to life's frivolities, neglect their families and starve their own souls when they know that they and their families are not saved! Jesus teach me how to win souls!

After a short sleep I awoke with this:

Add this warning to your thought,
Jesus may never bring
A ransom from your king.

The table which was once spread, and the invited guests refused the invitation, and the servants sent out to urge any and all to come and partake, is a type of the feast of gospel grace.

Ye souls for whom the Christ did plead
The gospel invitation heed.
This urgent call may be the last,
The marriage feast will then be past.
Your name be stricken from the roll,
When oh the agony of soul!
Shut out from God and all that's fair,
Hope's closing door opes to despair.

Ye servants of the risen Lord
Hark! souls are dying for the word.
About your Father's business haste,
Let not one precious moment waste.
Will you keep hidden in your breast
Christ's last command, His high behest?
Will you refuse the precious bread
And starve the souls you might have fed?
"They die, but guilty you I hold,"
God in His word has plainly told.

Oh the clanging notes of praise
That's oft mistook for gospel grace—
Will you offer that for manna
In the place of bleeding Lamb?
See yon cross where once He suffered,
Bled and died that sinful men
Might have hope and live again.
Yet you've hid the blood so precious
By a robe of your own design;
Hark! what's meant by thus intriguing
Along the path that Jesus trod?
Jesus, the only Son of God!

So many people want to put forth their hand to steady God's ark. One in giving advice yesterday reminded me of the report of the ten spies after their return from spying out the land, warning me of thin ice—"not to claim too much". "Be not too earnest," etc., etc. They would cool my ardor for Christ's work. Christians need not do this voluntarily. The world does that fast enough. One said only yesterday, "Well, we do not understand the Bible—these things are not to be taken literally in these days." They would like to have the "Reign of Darkness"—"the worm that dieth not"—explained away. "Prophecy unto us smooth things." Oh the responsibility of those who stand upon the watch-towers of Zion!

Is there a storm approaching, watchman?
 You who stand upon the wall
Should sound a warning to the people,
 Lest they're overwhelmed, and fall.

O Lord! I thank Thee for keeping me at home, and sending me out just in time to meet the one I saw in my dream, clothed in that beautiful wedding garment.

I was detained in my room one and one-half hours after my usual dinner time, and she was the first one I met in the dining room. I told her my dream—how I saw her as an invited guest, dressed in a beautiful white garment. She came to my room and heard part of my experience, then she told me of her hungry, dissatisfied heart and life—that she had lost all interest in business and that she was looking and rushing here and there to find rest and quietness. Lord, spare her life until she gets into Thy will and finds rest of soul.

This burden for souls is consuming me. I feel like falling low on my face and spending the days and hours in prayer for the perishing. O Lord! send the people here or send me to them! Give

me souls, give me souls! This is my agonized heart throb. Loosen not Thy chords of love, melt them in the furnace of Thy love, before it is too late.

A VISION OF GOSPEL TRIUMPH

I see the harvest ripening,
The fields of golden grain
Are beckoning to the reapers
From valley, hill and plain.

The mighty hosts are gathering
From nations far and near,
They'er coming to our home-land,
The land we hold so dear.

And as they gather 'round us
We'll tell them of our King,
His message of salvation
To them we'll gladly bring.

I see the nations bending,
Low at His feet they fall;
His grace doth make them brethren,
Our Lord is Lord of all.

“The Prince of Peace is reigning”
Let all the earth proclaim,
Hozanna in the highest,
World-peace, through Jesus' name.

What a full and blessed day. There is no language that can adequately express the joy of the soul that is overflowing with the love of Jesus. I can look up into His face and know that He understands this heart language which I cannot express.

Oh blesed rest, sweet rest,
My pillow is my Savior's breast;
I know He hears and understands,
His will encircles all my plans;
And so through life I gladly go,
Leaning on Him while here below;
He's with me now, but soon I'll be
With Him beyond the crystal sea.

I want to testify to God's wonderful leading and His answer to my prayer. The prayer was short and simple, but I seemed to see

and feel my need so clearly, and as I offered the prayer the Lord seemed to satisfy my want—just as if I had asked for a book, or anything else, and some one had immediately brought it and put it into my hand. I was seeking a preparation of heart for the prayer meeting, and kneeling by my couch my heart said—not my lips—just the heart language without sound—Jesus, we can do nothing without Thee. Speak to us and through us this afternoon. Open the way and prepare hearts for the message. Choose Thou my path and help me to walk in it to the glory of Thy dear name.

In answer to this there were given me several verses with chorus and melody. The verses will be found in another book, but the chorus was:

Going all the way over,
Going all the way over,
Where Jesus my Savior I'll see;
Going all the way over,
Going all the way over,
Forever with Him to be.

The Holy Spirit opened the way and gave me grace and strength to sing it. I first thought I would read the verses, but my prompter said, "You asked for a message—better give it as it was given to you." Well, as the melody was given as well as the words, I thought I would give it just as I received. God's Spirit was manifestly present. One said, "Oh, it seemed like fresh manna from heaven!" He touched souls through the words and melody. It was the first time I ever attempted to sing alone in a public congregation, and I never could have done it had I not been in His will and had His grace to sustain me.

Praise His name! He took all fear and timidity away, and I gave this just as I would have given a cup of water to one who was thirsty.

Oh, how I regret the wasted years of my life! How much more I might have done had I allowed Him to have His way with me! I recall now so many times He whispered this truth into my ears. Once while I was on the car returning home after spending a day with one of my music pupils I clearly saw how God is compelled to deal with us. I had expected to start this pupil on a new piece of music, but he did not have his lesson. He was not prepared for the new piece, and I gave it to another.

Meditating upon this, I thought how like God's dealings with us. We will not do our part so that He can give us the best, and then He can only give us the second best.

He often prompted me to speak to the unsaved, but I hesitated and let the opportunity pass until I believe the dear Lord put me on

my bed of long illness just to get my eyes open and see myself.

Oh, how I tremble at the thought that I might have passed out before. He had His perfect way and will in me, for so many times I seemed to be on the verge of the grave, and every time when brought so low I would think of my unfinished work.

I want the money I have earned in my teaching to be used in efforts to save souls that I have failed in helping. I wonder if the dear Lord saw my heart's desire and spared my life so as to give me another trial. Now He has taken away all desire for worldly riches and given me a burning desire for the salvation of these whom He died to save. Thank God I am now willing and anxious to spend life and all for His glory.

Oh, dear reader, whoever and wherever you may be, get into God's will now, even as you read these lines may you hear the Holy Spirit saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Lay aside the book, kneel and talk with God. Make your vow—take pencil and paper and write it; vow and pay your vow unto Jehovah.

Lord put thy Spirit into this message. Thou didst give it to me, and now I give it to the world. It is Thine. Touch hearts with it and the glory shall be Thine.

4 a. m. March 20. I am dwelling in an ocean of God's love and "He wakeneth me morning by morning. He wakeneth my ears to hear, as they are taught." (Isa. 50:4.) My morning's message and heart longing is:

I long to meet my Savior face to face,
Be gathered in a long embrace;
To feel Thy glory,
And tell the story—
This is my heart's supreme desire,
And to this honor I aspire.

I am so thankful that I have been able to tell it even recently to persons whom I have known for years, but had never before spoken to them of Christ's love and power. Their lives are dark and they told me that they have doubted whether there was such a thing as peace in God, but one of them has since seen herself in this soul-mirror, and is now rejoicing in peace and love. She never knew this before. Praise God for honoring the testimony of His humble child.

Have spent all the hours from 12:^{*5} a. m. to 5 a. m. in blessed communion with Jesus, and in writing, but still I feel no sensation of weariness. He gives me all the rest and sleep I need, and I dare not take more. He may never give these messages to another, or He may not permit me to remain here to write many more.

12:45 p. m. This seems to be a favorite hour for the Holy Spirit to call, for I notice that both day and night He knocks at my heart's door to give me some message. I was in the midst of writing letters which He suggested "To be sent in the Holy Spirit's care" when the pressure of love from the Giver of these letters in song promptd me to look up and out. It is a cloudy, rainy day, everything is soaked with rain, but my soul bursts forth with—

My heart is so light
And heaven so bright—

and thus you see that happiness is all from within—a condition of character and not depending on our surroundings.

I feel by this wonderful manifestation that I am in my Father's will in sending out these letters of song and prayer. May I ask each and every one who reads these letters to lift your heart to God in prayer that He may keep and lead me.

Forever be kept in His will
And my every duty fulfill,

and may He extend this same blessing to you. Should I be called to work in some foreign or home-land—

Over the ocean to be,
Or over life's greater sea,

it will be a source of satisfaction and strength to know that wherever this little book finds a reader, this one will be holding the writer up to a throne of grace.

Listen! for the Holy Spirit will surely speak. Obey instantly whatever He tells you to do.

1:25 a. m. If you will observe throughout my book that this or some time near this seems to be the Holy Spirit's favorite hour for speaking. Perhaps it is that I am not so likely to be interrupted.

I seem to have another message in song, before the letter in song is written.

The Holy Spirit sees and knows
That this is on the way,
And also knows we always need
Fresh manna every day.

1:15 a. m. March 21:

This soul of mine, it doth arise,
Receives Christ's message from the skies;
The slumber-robe is cast aside
To be adorned—yes as a bride.

Bride of the Lamb, oh glorious thought!
Oh, what a wonder hath God wrought—
To take the lowliest of the earth,
Transform it by this heavenly birth.

And me prepare to be His own,
To sit with Him upon His throne.
Oh, can it be for me such fame
To be His bride and take His name?

This is another incident to show that we cannot hide anything from God. Back in my early experience of this new life when I was passing through that great struggle, my sifting by Satan, one night I wrote about a marriage taking place, I being the Bride of the Lamb, but I was so frightened because I had dared to express myself in such intimate relationship with the Lord that I tore the leaves out of my tablet; Satan tried to make me believe that I had done a most sacrelijious thing, that I said I would hide away all that I had written and would never write any more, but Jesus is now showing me that I *am* one of the number whose robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and that He by His grace has included me in that company. I sink to the lowest point of humiliation for there is absolutely nothing in me to commend me. Oh, no, no, no! What amazing grace for a humble sinner like me!

I am so glad now that I did not destroy the paper; I will resurrect it from its hiding place. I have been wondering what I would do with it. I now feel that all these messages are inspired of God, and I do not feel that I can erase or destroy a line. For two or three days I have thought of getting them out to see how they looked and to find some place for them. Now, bless His name, He has found a place for them. Let any one read carefully and prayerfully John 14-15-16-17 and he can clearly see the close relationship between Jesus and His children, as this is set forth in these chapters in His own words. Our earthly parents would be grieved if we were ashamed to own our relationship to them.

A Bible teacher recently said, "God is a consuming fire, and we cannot approach Him." As Jesus is His Son, I wonder if we are not inclined by such teaching to keep too far aloof from these Divine Personages?

Be this as it may, my present, happy life has thrown down every barrier—or else I have jumped the fence. Was not the veil rent in twain that we might be admitted even into the Holy of holies? I thank God that I can talk to my Jesus. And since He has done so much for me, don't you think He is pleased when I thank Him even for the little things? Should we be more courteous to our family

than to God? Jesus said, "I and my Father are one" and I cannot separate the two. When I talk to Jesus I feel that I am talking to God.

He is not "a consuming fire" to me, and Jesus is my teacher through the Holy Spirit, whom He sends to dwell within us.

I thank Him when He reminds me of little things that save my steps, or directs me this way or that, or opens doors to people's hearts. Just listen when the *great big ego* or *self* is shut out or dead, and I think you will recognize a very tender voice, wooing you on and on until you will find yourself desperately in love with your Deliverer, Sanctifier and Redeemer.

Three o'clock A. M. Another hour and three-quarters spent with heavenly companionship. What would I do if I lived in a cold country? I just turn on the electric light, which hangs at the head of my bed, and sit up and write. I seldom think to throw anything around my shoulders, and my window is wide open too. Well, I just forget about my body. I expect my back would get tired if I thought about it, which I do not until I attempt to get down on my pillow again; and I sometimes feel the result of being in a cramped position so long. But I thank the Lord that He is able to use me, and that He wakes me and gives me these messages, and I ask Him to continue the same, and so I am happy all the time.

MESSAGES FROM BEULAH LAND

I wonder if this is to be the name of my book? I asked Jesus last night to give it a name, and if this is to be it I ask Him.

To frame it with His love and power
And baptize the reader every hour.

Dear reader would you find a relief from the trials and perplexities of daily life? Here it is "Cast thy burdens on the Lord and He will sustain thee."

When burdened with your daily care
Just take it to the Lord in prayer.
He will your life with blessings fill
If you surrender to His will.

Though hard indeed may be your lot
Think not dear one t'was in the plot.
The tempter did the garden spoil
And all were caught within the coil.

But God can make pure love abound
In hearts where sadness now is found
Cling close to Him, on Him rely
You'll come out conqueror by and by.

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